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Our Caveman Ancestors

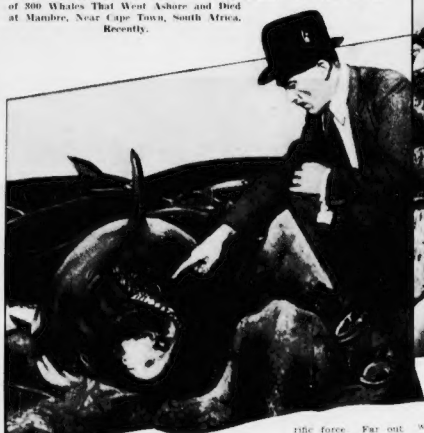
Dramatic Paintings of the Life of Prehistoric Man by Charles R. Knight Distinguished Artist-Scientist

HIS WIFE KILLED BY A CAVE-LION

WHAT a terrible tragedy for the Neanderthal man to return to his cave and find his wife killed by a cave-lion, as Mr. Knight has graphically illustrated in this tragic picture. Cave-lions, as well as the other great carnivora, abounded in France and other parts of Europe down to the beginning of the modern geological period. The cave-lion was about one-third larger than the present lion, and had thicker and longer hair owing to the cold climate. It was probably the most ferocious of all the animals man had to face. The cave was the best home man could find, but these fearless beasts also sought shelter there. A fire at the mouth of the cave helped man to keep the animals out. But this poor woman had ventured away from the cave on some domestic errand and was caught.

Frightened to their Doom, Or Did the Whales Commit Mass Suicide?

On Right—Remarkable Photograph of False Killer Whales, All of Which Were Stranded and Doomed, Near Cape Town. Since This Has Happened Before, the Question of Mass Suicide by Whales Has Intrigued Science, Which Really Believes That Panic Caused Their Deaths. Below—The Photograph Shows the Formidable Teeth of the False Killer Whale, Which, Nevertheless, Lives on Cuttlefish and Squids. These Are Several of 300 Whales That Went Ashore and Died at Mambre, Near Cape Town, South Africa, Recently.



EVERY now and then a school of whales thrashes up on shore and the big brutes destroy themselves because they can't get back into deep water. Not long ago 50 false killer whales rushed in from sea onto the jagged rocks of St. Helena Bay, near South Africa's Cape of Good Hope, and it seemed to two or three persons who were lucky enough to see the spectacle that the beasts deliberately committed suicide.

Scientists from the South African Museum rushed to the spot a few hours after the exciting event to study the carcasses of the huge mammals and to question the spectators, especially one Koos Heydenrijk, on whose land the "mass suicide" took place.

The scientists, while they walked about the great black hulks strewed over the rocks, said frankly that they didn't think the whales deliberately ended their lives although, in the past few years, there had been similar reports.

They did admit, however, that even as far back as the second century people were convinced that certain types of whales sometimes took their lives. The Greek writer Oppian once wrote of whales of the dolphin group, to which the false killer whales belong, "When fell disease and fatal draws nigh to them, they fail not to know it, but are aware of the end of life. Then they flee the sea and the wide waters of the deep and come aground on the shallow shores. And there they give up their breath and receive their doom upon the land."

Two years ago 300 false killer whales died on the rocks of the Cape of Good Hope, near the port of Mambre. At that time several fishermen were convinced that the big fellows had no good reason to dash themselves on shore unless they were bent on self-destruction. Then, too, the scientists were not ready to say that suicide is an old whalish custom.

Mr. Heydenrijk told his scholarly visitors that for several days before the squadron of whales piled up on the shore of his farm that the sea was unusually phosphorescent. At night the water seemed alive with a sparkling green light. His unscientific guess was that the phenomenon had so frightened the whales that they decided to finish their days on shore instead of living in a sea that flashed in their eyes. It was a good guess, but the men from the museum told him that phosphorous in the sea is a common occurrence and that whales should be used to such things.

Another resident of the neighborhood had a theory that won some consideration. For a week before the mass mishap, he said, the sea had been whipped by a southeast wind of terrific force. Far out from shore the water was muddy with sand stirred up from the bottom. Perhaps the sand got in the eyes and nostrils of the beasts and made them so uncomfortable that they lost their bearings and piled upon the shore.

Two other possibilities were taken into consideration—that sharks had chased the whales ashore, or that some submarine upheaval had so scared the brutes that they fled from their habitual stamping ground and, in their haste, ran into shallow water.

Mr. Rae Smithers, the leader of the party from the South African Museum, stayed on the spot for a couple of days, talking with eye-witnesses, studying the whales and taking careful measurements. He found one unborn whale which was taken back for examination and probably will be prepared as one of the museum's permanent exhibits.

Said Mr. Smithers: "I can't believe that the phosphorescence in the water, or the sand, or the supposed tendency of the false killer whale to commit suicide, explains this interesting mystery. I think it is a simple case of misguided judgment on the part of the leader of the school. Whales, you know, are like sheep. They play 'follow-the-leader,' and it is quite possible that the 'head man' lost his bearings and unwittingly led the rest of the school to their destruction."

Smithers and his colleagues went out in boats to examine the sea for a mile or two off the spot where the whales were stranded. They saw only a few small sharks, none of them of the proper size or breed to send a school of whales into panic. They checked with fishermen in the vicinity and learned that the water had been sandy for a couple of hundred yards offshore, but that whales had been sighted that close to land two days before the "mass suicide" and hadn't appeared to be upset by the sand.

More than 600 measurements were made by the scientists. They found that the largest whale scaled about sixteen and a half feet long—not a big fellow as whales go, but good-sized for a member of the false killer tribe. Many of the best of the beasts had been cut up by natives for their oil and bone, and weren't of much use to the visitors in their scientific investigation.

A Cape Town schoolboy who was fishing near the shore saw the whole show. His story, more than any other, seemed to buttress the suicide theory that most scientists scoff at. "There was," he said, "a great commotion in the bay. A whole lot of the huge black things appeared in the sea. They were rushing toward shore blowing spouts of water into the air and making a great noise. We watched them fling themselves over the jagged rocks. They struggled madly to get out of the water, which was stained with blood from their wounds."

The Ozark Smile Girl

THE folks who live in the Ozark region of Arkansas and Missouri think they have the right idea when it comes to picking beauties to advertise the charms and the products of their section of the country. They are not blind to the attractions of the so-called form divine, and they have no quarrel with cities and towns who prefer their beauties dressed in abbreviated and close-fitting bathing suits. But they have the notion that shapely figures are very much alike and that people can see too much of a good thing. The smile of a pretty girl is something else again, and every year the young woman who represents the Ozark country is known as the Ozark Smile Girl. The current holder of the title is shown in the photograph below. He name is Ruth Farless.

One of the judges of the contest, which numbered fourteen finalists representing the States of Arkansas and Missouri, had this to say about concentrating on smiles instead of on graceful legs and shapely torsos: "We know the appeal of the bathing beauty contest, and probably people never will tire of such pageants, but the power of the feminine smile is too often overlooked. After all, everybody has a body, and one well-molded shape looks very much like another. But with smiles it's different. Many things are necessary to a convincing smile—facial beauty, good eyes, nice teeth and, above all, personality. There's the catch, that personality. Anyone can manage a smile, except a chronic grouch, but a smile with personality is, to quote one of the poets, a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Miss Farless, in the opinion of the judges who crowned her as the Ozark Queen for 1937, has a smile that will get her some mail from the movie producers in Hollywood if she isn't careful turning it on for the newsreel cameramen. In their opinion she is just about as perfect a combination of good looks, good health, good nature and personality as could be found anywhere.

Incidentally, Miss Farless could hold her own with the bathing beauties. She's five feet, two inches tall, weighs just under 100 pounds, and has sea-blue eyes to match her dark hair.

Ruth Farless, 21, the Carthage, Missouri, Girl Chosen From Many Contestants as Owning the Typical Smile of the Ozarks, Which Is a Warm and Pleasant Smile, Indeed.

Plant Dines on Unwary Frog

MANY stories, most of them true, have been told of the ability of a pretty little plant called the Venus Fly Trap to catch and eat flies and other insects. But it is seldom that actual photographs like the one shown on this page have been made of the plant with an unusual meal in its "jaws."

In this case the victim is a small frog and the photograph was taken by a florist who works in a shop at Wilmington, North Carolina. The man was browsing through the woods looking for wild flowers when he came upon the killer plant with its meal gripped between the halves of one of its tricky leaves. It is seldom that the Venus Fly Trap captures anything larger than flies or bugs. When one snares a frog it is interesting botanical news.

The plant is a relative of the sundew, the butterwort and the pitcher plant. All of them are so constructed that they close up on unsuspecting victims and hang onto them until they have absorbed the edible parts of their bodies. Then they cast out the portions which can't be eaten.

The Venus Fly Trap is an American cousin of the sundews and grows wild in the eastern part of this country. Its remarkable leaves grow in a sort of rosette and lie close to the ground about a slender stalk which bears a cluster of pretty pale flowers. The leaves are about four inches long and of two parts. The lower part spreads out on the ground, or close to it. The upper half, with "teeth" along its edge, is the working part of the trap which shuts down on a bug when it flies into or crawls on the lower half of the leaf. In the center of the leaf are several upright, hair-like spikes. It is when these are agitated that the trap is sprung.

The Venus Fly Trap works faster than the sundew and one of its leaves can close in from 10 to 30 seconds. In less time than this the top can snap downward far enough to catch a creature curious enough to investigate one of the leaves.

The long teeth in the edges of the leaf lock into one another like the fingers of clasped hands and the plant is remarkably strong. It is seldom that an insect escapes and the frog, for all the power of its hind legs, was unable to get away.

It takes from eight to 20 days for a Venus Fly Trap to digest the meal it catches so quickly and it sucks the juices from the victim. Only when the repast is over does the plant open and eject the mangled carcass of its prey.

An Employe of a Florist Shop in Wilmington, N. C., While Scouring the Woods for Wild Flowers the Other Day, Came Across This Incident—a Venus Fly Trap With a Frog Caught in Its Grip, and Being Held There Until Dead.

Dug Grave, Built Coffin, Then Killed Himself

MANY people, anxious for one reason or another, to have a hand in making the arrangements for their funerals, buy, or build, their coffins and keep them around the house against the day when they will be placed in it for their last long sleep. Others actually sleep in their coffins and have their gravestones set up years before they are likely to stand in need of such somber items. Not long ago a farmer in the Middle West gathered his relatives and neighbors in the village church and preached his own funeral sermon, in person. But none of these foresighted individuals went at the business of getting the scene set for death quite so coolly and grimly as one Abe Triplett, of Fort Bragg, California.

Mr. Triplett was an unusual man, even before he made news by the manner in which he quit earthly life for whatever may await him in the mysterious "Beyond." He was six and a half feet tall and attracted attention wherever he went. In the last days of his life he was moody and kept a great deal to himself.

Not long ago he picked a spot near Fort Bragg and went to work with a pick and shovel to dig a neat hole, wide and deep. Folks wondered what he was up to. When, after more than a day of hard labor, he had the excavation finished, he went home and tackled another job. He built a wooden box about seven feet long and three feet wide. Unless he had taken pains to be secretive about these jobs, it would have been apparent that he was preparing for his funeral.

A day or two after the box was completed to the builder's satisfaction he was found by a friend about ready to make use of both box and hole—he was dying from a self-inflicted wound.

It may be that the late Mr. Triplett was temporarily deranged, either as the result of illness or worry which made death seem preferable to life. Or, as some of his friends believe, he may have been entirely sane and, for some reason best known to himself, determined to depart this life, and on his own terms.

Anyway he decided that he didn't need to take any gravediggers and coffin-makers into his confidence and felt it best not to put others to a great deal of trouble just because he had decided that it was time for him to say goodbye. So quietly, he picked the spot where he wanted to be buried, dug as neat a grave as a man could ask, constructed a coffin of well-seasoned lumber, designed up a few other necessary arrangements and, with no more fanfare than he had used in the preliminaries, proceeded to "shuffle off this mortal coil."

The photograph of Abe Triplett digging his own grave is an unusual one, probably the last of such pictures ever taken. He didn't have much to say to the cameraman who snapped him at work and did not confide that he contemplated suicide.

Those who saw the California man getting ready for death reported that he did not seem in the least sorry for himself. He was depressed, but not sentimental. He shoveled with stoic calm and with a fair steady, if not overstrong, hands. It seemed that he was unmindful of occasional passersby, some of whom noticed that the hole the tall man was digging was about the length and width of a grave. He was intent upon his sober job and seemed anxious to get it done.

It was said that the man who made such careful plans for his passing was incurably ill.

Abe Triplett, Photographed While Digging the Grave Near Fort Bragg, California, In Which He Was Buried a Few Days Later, After He Had Built His Own Coffin and Then Fatally Wounded Himself.

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"Come Over and See Your Husband's Baby"

Astonished Mrs. Albert Howard Says She Accepted This Telephone Invitation From "The Other Woman" and Then Discovered Where Mr. Howard, His Money, Her Furniture and Even Her "Jewel of a Maid" Had Gone

Mrs. Albert Howard Doing a Bit of Complexion Work Between Rounds of Her Suit Against Her Husband.

Mrs. Albert Howard (Marie La Mont), Formerly of the Follies, in a Somewhat "Don't Care" Attitude.

What Was Her Astonishment, Mrs. Howard Explains in Her Affidavits, to Find When She Accepted the Telephone Invitation, Not Only the Baby, but Some of Her Best Furniture and, Later, Even Her Former Maid in the "Other Woman's" Flat.

Mr. Albert Howard, Whose Real Name Is Mr. Albert Howard Contento.

The Attractive Mrs. Albert Howard, Who Received, She Says, the Strange Telephone Invitation.

Mr. Howard and a Friend, Both Hiding Their Faces as They Came Out of Court.

"ARE you sure your husband isn't there, Mrs. Howard?"

"Yes."

Well, I want to tell you something. I have a lovely baby boy and we have named him Albert, after your husband because he is its father."

"Wha-a-t?" Mrs. Albert Howard gasped into the telephone.

"Yes, that's it—Albert. What? Don't you think it would be nice if you would come over and see the baby and arrange matters so little Albert can have a last name?"

Marie La Mont, formerly of the "Follies" but since 1931 the wife of Albert Howard, race track sport, said to have bet $55,000 on one horse, part or exclusive owner of a string of night clubs, alleged "beer baron" of prohibition days and associate of Noel Scaffa, detective extraordinary, who served six months for perjury in connection with a jewel robbery case, says that something like this unusual conversation happened at the Howard apartment, 287 East 57th Street, New York City.

Mrs. Howard thought it seemed like a good idea to look into the matter. So she put on her hat and hurried around to 351 East 56th Street, the address given by the voice on the wire. It was hardly more than a couple of blocks, so she did not bother to call a taxi.

The wife walked fast and thought fast and it seemed to her that this was the answer to an unpleasant riddle she had worried over for the last year and a half. During this time her husband, whose real name is Albert H. Contento, developed disagreeable symptoms. From being a big-hearted "big shot" who never cared what anything cost, seemed to count his change and often would not bother to pick it up, he suddenly began to suffer from "inflammation of the pocketbook," until he cried out whenever his wife "touched" him.

Instead of boasting about how much money he was making in his various activities, he told her little except that business was very bad and that they must economize. Also he was away on long, unexplained week-ends and was, his wife says, inattentive between times.

The door at Number 351 was opened by a charming young woman who greeted her nicely and asked her in.

And then Mrs. Howard says, she began to experience a number of shocks.

First, she says in her affidavit, she recognized several pieces of furniture which she had supposed were placed in storage when economy drove them from their large and magnificent apartment at 581 Park Avenue to the more modest quarters on 57th Street.

Quite as disconcerting was this woman's maid, Alberta Holliday, who had once been Marie's own. A jewel of a maid she had been, but rather expensive, so her husband had persuaded her to part with Alberta when economy drove them out of that Park Avenue magnificence. She now remembered with mixed emotions what a lovely reference she had written for Alberta, little dreaming that this recommendation would be for her rival to read first.

According to Mrs. Howard's affidavit, she had a frank talk with "the other woman," who, she swears, told her that she and Mr. Howard had been living at that and other addresses as man and wife for some 18 months. Since the arrival of Albert, Jr., it seemed high time to get that divorce going, so the baby would in due time no longer be Albert What?

It seemed to Mrs. Howard a fitting moment to ask her husband's girl friend to introduce herself and she says that lady informed her she was Joan Carroll, also mentioning the clubs she had graced as hat-checker. Marie wondered that she had not seen her at any of those places, but recollected that her husband had not taken her to those particular "spots" for some time even before the economy era began.

After about an hour of what must have been most interesting conversation, Mrs. Howard was convinced that the suggestion of divorce had been excellent. She went to the office of her lawyers, the well-known firm of Stillman & Stillman, New York, and there learned to her surprise that Joan's charming frankness was not enough but must be corroborated by other witnesses.

In the preliminary papers of her divorce suit, Mrs. Howard says:

"I communicated with several friends and made inquiry as to their knowledge of the relationship of the defendant with the said Joan Carroll. Several of the said friends and acquaintances stated to me that they knew the defendant and the said Joan Carroll had been living together and that a child had been born to them, but they would not sign any affidavit reciting those facts, but that if subpoenaed to court they would testify.

"Similarly I sought to obtain affidavits from employees of the building premises, No. 351 East 56th Street and No. 444 East 52nd Street, Manhattan, with regard to the defendant and the said Joan Carroll, but all the said persons refused to furnish such affidavits, stating that they feared the defendant and feared that harm would befall them at his hands. My attorneys employed an investigator to interview these witnesses and to obtain their affidavits as to the facts of said relationship, but he, too, was refused said affidavits for the same reason."

But later these witnesses were forced to make affidavits by court order, and in them they testified that Joan and Al were known to them as Mr. and Mrs. Carroll, that they understood he was a traveling salesman and that they used to see him return to the "Carroll" apartment between three and six in the morning.

They also testified that on sunny days Al could be seen wheeling the baby carriage around the neighborhood, proudly displaying an infant presumed to be Albert, Junior. They identified Mr. Howard from photographs of him shown to them. Mrs. Howard was present when the depositions were taken and they all agreed that she was not the woman known to them as "Mrs. Carroll." If the perambulator episode is true it would seem that Mr. Howard took a big chance in parading the baby so close to his wife's home. But there is no doubt that Howard was used to taking chances.

There is no evidence that Mr. Howard threatened any of these reluctant witnesses with personal violence. Their terror seems to have been based on the general belief that most night clubs and gambling joints are controlled by gangsters and racketeers who are generally supposed to beat up and "bump off" witnesses rash enough to remember anything damaging about them. Especially the "beer barons" of prohibition days had the reputation of being rough playmates. Mrs. Howard's affidavit throws some light on her husband's interests in those fringes of the underworld. It states:

"During prohibition he was the owner of the Kips Bay Brewery, engaged in the brewing of beer. When these premises were padlocked in 1928 he engaged in the business of importing beer barrels from Germany. In both of these ventures he made enormous sums of money, as the Court can readily understand from recollection of the profits made in the manufacture of liquor during prohibition.

"In 1931 he ventured into the night club business and maintained and conducted high class restaurants in each of which he had investments ranging from $25,000 to $75,000, among which were the following: The Royal Box, West 65th Street; The Vogue, 126 East 57th Street; The Embassy, 151 East 57th Street; The Piping Rock Restaurant and The Brook Club at Saratoga and The Embassy Club, Miami, Florida.

"At the Piping Rock, the Brook and the Embassy Clubs he conducted gambling casino rooms in addition to the business of the restaurants. These gambling casinos are internationally known, and nightly sums of almost a quarter of a million dollars are wagered there."

Though Mrs. Howard does not mention the matter among her various grounds for complaint, Mr. Howard had been arrested with Noel Scaffa in connection with the mysterious holdup of Mrs. Margaret Hawksworth Bell and Harry Content, the Wall Street broker, in Miami. Scaffa, who engineered the return of the $185,000 worth of jewelry to Lloyds of London, who had insured them, received a six months' sentence for perjury. Howard was charged with conspiracy to violate the stolen property act, but was never brought to trial.

Howard's answer to the suit is curious in that he dismisses Joan's alleged confession with hardly more than a sentence of general denial, stating that he was not living in sin with the hat-check girl but in the strictest propriety with his sister. But at great length he denies being a big figure in night life and the underworld. He never owned the Kips Bay Brewery and as for all those night clubs his wife credits him with, he was a managing director or hired man on salary. He says:

"I have had neither interest nor assets for many years. I have been managing director of the various night clubs mentioned in the plaintiff's affidavit to the winter of 1934. I was manager of the Embassy Club in Miami. While there it was considered necessary by the club to have men live in rather luxurious style as part of the advertising policy. A home was rented for the season at $2,500 and servants were engaged to care for the house. These expenses were all paid for by the club for the reason above mentioned.

"Then in the summer of 1934 we moved to Saratoga and took a house at $750 a month, while I was acting manager of a night club there, and servants were engaged, but all these expenses were paid by the club, as it was always considered to be good advertising policy."

He seems especially pained that his wife should tell the world he maintained a wardrobe of twenty suits of clothes. Though not specifically denying that he may have owned that many, he sadly asserts that he has not acquired a new one in the last three years. Some husbands would be proud to lend a wife credit them with such extravagant generosity as tossing her $100 a week for pin money, but Howard indignantly denies any such weakness, explaining that he never had such huge sums to give her.

Yet, in other paragraphs he asserts that he went broke on borrowed money trying to keep up such an extravagant standard of living as his attractive wife demanded. After living on money borrowed from that same sister, having $100,000 in unsatisfied judgments pile up against him and being dispossessed from two swanky apartments because he could not raise the rent, she deserted him because he insisted on economy, he says. One night, he asserts, he came home to find his wife gone with all her personal belongings, the silverware, linens and all the valuable movable articles of every kind and description. His clothes, however, were still there. She called him on the telephone, demanding money but declining to see him, so he sent $50 by messenger.

His reward, he says, was the next time he went to his deserted home, to find she had come with a moving van and removed everything, even the alleged twenty suits of clothes and his private papers.

Nevertheless the generous sister sent her $100 a month for a couple of months. Then, when Marie refused to give back any of the furniture she had removed, the sister's checks stopped.

Mrs. Howard brings suit for divorce, asking $5,500 counsel fees and $250 a week temporary alimony. Howard counters with a suit for separation, charging desertion. Supreme Court Justice E. L. Hammet took the matter under advisement.

One wonders how a judge decides on such flatly contradictory testimony.

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Poison Gas, Europe's Timely Topic, Gets Into the Ballet

Striking Scene of a Gas Attack Depicted in the Ballet at Budapest. A Red Rose in the Mask of the Instructor, Who Lies Dead at the Left, Caused His Death.

BUDAPEST.

THE people of Europe are so steeped in the fear of war, and the conviction that they may soon find themselves involved in armed conflict again, that even their esthetic divertisements are based on the theme of battle.

Perhaps the outstanding example of this artistic trend is found in a new ballet recently presented in this city by the ballet corps at the Royal Opera House. The photographs on this page were taken during a performance and the strange and upsetting work is called "Gas Attack."

The plot of the ballet, which critics say is remarkably well danced, is a tragic love affair between a poor young woman and an instructor in defense against poison gas. To show her deep affection for the man, she slips a red rose in his gas mask. There is an attack by enemy planes, and the young woman and the others taught by the hero of the piece to put their masks on quickly are saved. But the instructor, because the rose hampers him, can't get his mask on in time. He dies in agony.

The Love Theme Is Introduced in the Ballet. The Girl in Black Is in Love With the Instructor Putting the Class Through Its Routine.

A Moment in the Ballet Depicting the Alarm. But When the Attack Comes, Everybody Knows Just What to Do, After Weeks of Drilling and Instruction—the Ballet Portrays Just What Is Going On in Most European Cities and Towns.

The love interest, however, seems to be the ballet's appeal. It is the ominous warning that everybody in Hungary, may, some day soon, be in the same unfortunate situation as the performers on the stage. Interest in antiaspirating gas masks has sharply increased since the ballet opened.

Gas mask manufacturers report an increase in sales since the ballet opened, indicating that the show is having educational effect. Ironic as it seems, masks are now being made in styles designed to avoid ugliness.

Sculptures from the Private Zoo of Monsieur Sandoz

M. SANDOZ, recognized by fellow artists as one of the ablest sculptors in Europe, finds much amusement in the way in which his fame is being spread. Incidentally the francs are rolling in while people all over France are saying nice things about him.

This talented young man is amused because the places to see his creations are not the museums and the art galleries, but hotel lobbies, the mirrored backgrounds of bars and the mantels of clubs and homes. Hundreds of bronze copies of the figures shown on this page are scattered about the French capital and elsewhere in the country.

Some years ago Sandoz developed a keen interest in modeling and carving three-dimensional figurines of these creatures. Usually he caricatured his little models but, now and then, did a serious study intended to adorn some rich man's garden. In order to have the right models for his work the sculptor began building a private zoo. Attached to his studio is a large screened-in aviary with many kinds of birds in it and a sizable pool in which several kinds of fish and many long-legged frogs swim about or drift, pop-eyed, on the surface.

The sculptures on this page are four figures from a set of fifteen, all of them frogs, dancing or playing musical instruments. The figures are cast in bronze and many complete sets have been sold to admirers of M. Sandoz's clever work.

Even sculptors of the old school who wouldn't think of departing from the classical tradition to turn out such "frivolous" works, see in the figures the evidences of unusual imagination and skill. While praising the popular little statues, these sober gentlemen wish that Sandoz would quit such artistic shenanigans and "really get down to business."

The "frog-man," as he is sometimes called, takes this advice good-naturedly and explains that he is getting down to business, because he uses every bit of his talent to make the funny little figures which, in turn, are making him famous and wealthy.

"The light touch," says M. Sandoz, "doesn't mean as so many people think, that the subject is easier to do than the bronze bust of a politician or a general. In a way it is just as difficult to turn out a graceful and amusing study of a frog squeezing an accordion, or playing a bull fiddle, as it is to produce a work which artists and laymen look upon as 'classical' or 'heroic.' Sometimes it is even harder to be subtly funny.

"Frogs," he said, "are to me much better subjects than monkeys for caricaturing in human poses. To me a monkey seems an ugly old man, but a sleek green frog suggests a gay, dancing, singing youth."

Two Amusing Samples of the Sandoz Sculptures, Showing His Pet Frogs in a Musical Mood. The Dancers Are Frolicking to the Booming Notes of the Old Fiddler Whose Croak Is Almost as Deep as the Groans of the String Bass.

The Tuba Player and the Accordionist Are Having a Happy Jam Session in These Two Pieces, Which Are From a Set of 15 Works by the Animal Sculptor.

Bathing Suits That Grow in the Sea

FOR centuries artists have been drawing, painting and carving likenesses of sea nymphs dressed in outfits of seaweed. Many a picture of Neptune, the god of the sea, with his salty court swimming about him, has shown shapely young things arrayed in this fine and inexpensive stuff. It is seldom, however, that a modern girl tries to fashion such a suit. That one did is evident in the photograph at the right. The cameraman found the human nymph on the beach at Oceanside, California, where he expected to find something worth snapping because the resort recently opened the vacation season with elaborate ceremonies.

The suit which the queen of the carnival is sporting was picked right out of the sea. The girl's name is Patricia Tyson, and the only man-made feature of her fetching outfit is the tiara which the officials of the celebration said ought to be on her head to lend a royal touch to the costume.

The suit actually was worn in the water and Her Royal Highness pronounced it as comfortable, if less durable, than the beach ensembles that women buy in the shops. For steady wear, however, the queen said she preferred something fashioned of wool or silk.

The citizens of Orlando, Florida, used their imagination in a similar way some time ago when they provided a local bathing beauty with a suit made of Spanish moss. This material was not, like the California seaweed, picked from the ocean but from the oak trees near the shore. With the help of a dressmaker the fuzzy stuff was trimmed and fitted so that it made a surprisingly becoming swim suit, despite its slightly "porcupinesh" appearance.

The moss costume did not start a vogue on the Florida coast, even if the material is to be had for the picking. The wearer, while she was posing for the cameraman, smiled prettily and looked very much at ease but she afterward admitted that the costume was "itchy" and that it was too thick and scraggly ever to be form-fitting. As soon as the festivities were over and the photographers had packed up their cameras and gone away, she went home and changed to a one-piece outfit that was much more comfortable and becoming.

Perhaps the most eye-filling of these "live" bathing suits made its appearance in California during the San Diego Exposition. Among the various beauty contests held during the fair there was one for the girl in the most colorful, sweet-smelling and best-fitting bathing suit fashioned entirely of native flowers.

The competition was won by a sun-tanned young woman with a two-piece outfit made of some 290 bright blossoms. Mother Eve, the press agents commented when the show was over, couldn't have had an outfit in her wardrobe that was any easier on the eyes.

The flower suit was not, however, subjected to the test of salt water and probably it would have come out of the ocean looking something less than charming. The surf undoubtedly would have knocked off some of the flowers and made them soggy.

The seaweed bathing costume would seem to be much better suited to actual use.

ACME

Miss Patricia Tyson Demonstrating at the Opening of a California Beach Season Her Original Bathing Suit Made Entirely of Seaweed, Expertly Fashioned Into an Attractive Ensemble.

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Eleven Murderers the Law Can't Touch

SOME weeks ago the French newspapers reported the strange case of a murder in which eleven persons were proved guilty of beating a victim to death—but couldn't be jailed for the crime.

The victim of the brutal and fatal attack was one Paul Gignoux, the eight-year-old son of wealthy parents living on a large estate in Lyons, France. The Gignoux home was close by the settlement recently built for workers and the boy was unpopular with his young neighbors, probably because he was "in the money" and had many things they couldn't afford. The workers' children were especially envious of the shiny bicycle that Paul rode and shouted at him as he pedalled past.

"La fille! La fille!" the urchins screamed at the poor little rich boy. That meant that he was a girl and they called him that because he was well-dressed and his hair was blonde and somewhat longer than their own.

One day the lad had enough of these insults and he dismounted from his bike and challenged his tormentors to a fight. He would show them, he said, whether he was a girl or not.

An eleven-year-old girl was first to lay hands on the despised boy. She scratched his face with her fingernails and shouted to her cronies to get into the brawl. They did, ten other boys and girls, and knocked Paul down before he had time to strike a solid blow. They hit him with clubs and stones and kicked him with their heavy boots. In less than five minutes they finished the job—the rich boy was dead.

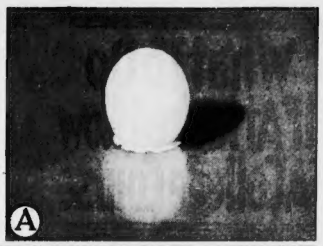
Gendarmes rushed to the scene and, after questioning the youngsters of the neighborhood, rounded up eleven boys and girls who admitted that they had taken part in the fatal attack. At police headquarters it was discovered that not one of the assailants was more than twelve years old. There is an old law in France that persons under a dozen years of age are not liable to criminal action. No matter what crime they commit the case must go to the civil courts.

The authorities informed the dead boy's father that he could take civil action against the youngsters and their parents and perhaps get some satisfaction. M. Gignoux, heartbroken over the death of his son, refused to bring suit against anyone.

"After all," he said, "it was a children's quarrel and these boys and girls didn't understand what hideous thing they were doing. Money cannot replace my boy. Neither can putting anyone in jail help his mother and myself. We prefer to drop the matter and hope there'll be no bitter feelings in our neighborhood."

More "Quick'n a Wink" Photographs

Unsuspected Secrets of Nature Hidden From the Human Eye Are Revealed in Fascinating Detail by the High Speed Stop-Motion Camera in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Laboratory



A
Falling Milkdrop Starting to Enter Surface of Pan of Milk.

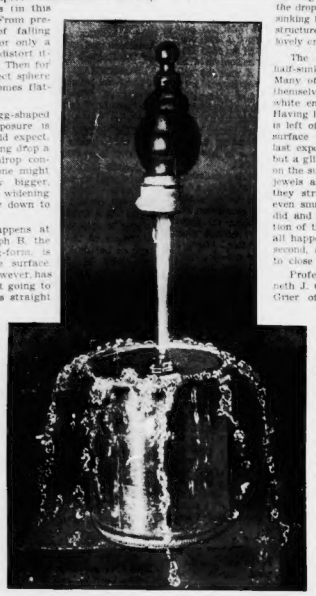
AT Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a drop of milk fell into a pan of milk, the tiny hole in the surface closed instantly and that was all, to the eye. But to the lens of an ultra-high-speed camera which snaps photographs quicker than the eye can wink with exposures of one one-hundred-thousandth of a second, it was a long and complicated process.

The first picture showed the drop beginning to penetrate the flat surface of the pan of milk. Milk being merely water with a little solid matter in solution behaves almost exactly the same as water but was used because, being white, it photographs or, as they would say in Hollywood, "screens" better. It will be noticed that the drop is not a perfect sphere but egg-shaped and entering with one of its ends first.

From that fact alone an expert would know that the drop had fallen only a few inches (in this case exactly seven inches). From previous high-speed pictures of falling drops, it was learned that for only a short distance does the drop distort itself perpendicularly, like this. Then for a few feet it becomes a perfect sphere but, after eight feet, it becomes flattened in front.

Except that the drop is egg-shaped everything in that first exposure is just about what anyone would expect. Around the edge of the entering drop a tiny wave is seen. As the drop continues to penetrate deeper, one might expect the wave to grow bigger, spreading out in a constantly widening circle and diminishing finally down to nothing.

But that is not what happens at all. In the second photograph B, the drop still retaining its egg-form, is about half-way through the surface. That rising wave of liquid, however, has already revealed that it is not going to be a wave. Instead it shoots straight upward, in the form of a liquid tube. Only after it is well started on its upward course does the very top of the tube begin to spread outward and to do this it has to break its edge into notches, like a cog-wheel.



Water Flowing Slowly From a Tap Is Transparent, but Cascading Over the Rim of a Tin Can, Gets Mixed With Air and Somewhat Opaque.

At first sight this does not look like following the line of least resistance but it really is. The sudden intrusion of the milk drop forces the milk molecules in its immediate path to get out of the way but milk, like water, resents being hurried. The displaced molecules cannot get out of the way by fleeing ahead because the molecules below refuse to move unless given time. To dodge sideways cannot be done because that space is occupied by other molecules which resist with equal stubbornness.

Only above, where the drop came from, is the soft, yielding air, always willing to step aside with a minimum amount of resistance. Therefore the easiest path of escape for the molecular fugitives is what looks like the hardest. They must squeeze straight upward between the edge of the drop and the stubborn wall of liquid on all sides. The space is very small and they must do it in such a hurry that they attain enough speed to carry them an appreciable distance above the surface.

No sooner is the little tube well above the surface than its end starts to expand into the shape of a bell. This is probably due to pressure of the self-effacing air, getting itself out of the milk drop's path. The result is the same as it would be on a metal tube, breaking the end into a series of saw-like teeth.

In photograph C, the third picture, the ascending liquid has again changed its mind, now that the drop has vanished below the surface. The tube has evidently stopped belling out at the top and though still rising, the upper edge has started to shrink back. The reason for this is that in the second picture the tube was yielding to the force of air-pressure from within, which precedes a moving object, but now it is feeling the suction of the semi-vacuum which follows a moving object. This vacuum, if it were strong enough or could last long enough would pull the tube together into a cone which would collapse into the hole left by the drop.

Before this has time to happen air rushes down into the vacuum and is met by milk rising up, causing a momentary air pressure again. It is small and brief but enough to settle the course of that tube, causing it to resume its inclination to collapse outwardly when the force of the upthrust is spent.

The fourth picture D, shows the tube definitely spreading outward again and now looks like a glass baking dish, with scalloped edge, and beads forming on the points of the scallops. At this instant the push which sent the tube climbing has exhausted itself. The fifth exposure E, catches the force of gravity in the act of pulling it all back to the level of the rest of the pan of milk.

This results in a picturesque struggle between the molecules along the upper edge still striving to expand against the forces of surface tension and of molecular attraction which work to make them follow the rest of the tube back into the groove from which it arose.

The situation resolves itself into a compromise, part doing one thing and part another. The beads on the tops of the points grow bigger and pull further out but each is still attached to a string of milk doing its best to pull the drop back to the main body of the sinking tube. For a moment the whole structure takes on the semblance of a lovely crown.

The next exposure, F, shows the half-sunken crown losing its jewels. Many of them have already divorced themselves but the crown still holds a white entreating arm after each one. Having lost the last of its jewels, what is left of the crown flops back to the surface with such speed that in the last exposure, G, nothing is left of it but a glimpse of the pattern it has left on the surface. Yet, all but three of its jewels are still in the air. These as they strike will each reenact on an even smaller scale what the big drop did and then the microscopic coronation of the inanimate world is over. It all happened in about a fortieth of a second, as long as it takes a person to close an eyelid.

Professor Harold E. Edgerton, Kenneth J. Germeshausen and Herbert E. Grier of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who developed the ultra-high-speed camera, find that they attain the most interesting results even when they turn it on the simplest and most familiar moving objects. For instance what could be simpler than water running out of a tap? It just runs out till it hits the bottom of the sink or wash-bowl. But the speed camera says there is lots more. It performs that act differently every time, so much so that it is impossible to get two pictures of it that are alike.

In one of the photographs on this page the water is doing just about the expected, descending in a transparent stream as far as the top of an inverted tin can. But cascading down from the edges of the can, it looks as if it had become turned into ice. On the faucet is a gadget giving the water just the right speed of outflow so that it won't get into any complications with the surrounding air because its surface tension can hold the stream intact.

Tumbling over the rim of the can the surface has so expanded that it has lost much of its power and has become involved in a rough and tumble with the surrounding air so the two get rather mixed up together. Air, of course, is even more transparent than water but they refract light differently and water in the form of drops acts as a series of lenses, out of focus to the eye, the combination ruining the transparency of both.

This is even more apparent in the other picture where water from an ordinary tap has filled a goblet and is beginning to spill out. The descending water column has already picked up some air before reaching the glass. Here it spatters and the usually rather obliging air, being more or less imprisoned itself, cannot do much toward getting out of the way of the heavier liquid. The glass therefore first fills with a mixture about half and half, as impossible to see through as if it were cracked ice.

In another moment the air that the water found there in the first place will have escaped and the water will become transparent again except for such air bubbles as the descending stream pulls down with it and which will quickly fly back to the surface. However, as fast as the water runs out of the glass in a wide, thin stream, it again gets tangled up with the air and becomes opaque once more.

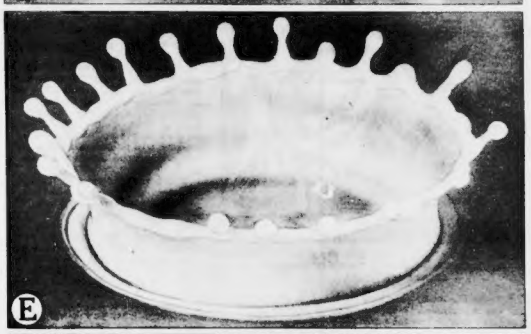
It Becomes Absolutely Opaque When Involved in a Scuffle With Air That Has Difficulty Getting Out of a Goblet.

If the water were allowed to fall far enough it would soon return to its favorite form of globular drops. These can descend through the atmosphere indefinitely without getting mixed up with it because in the spherical form they have the greatest possible number of water molecules compared to surface area. Therefore the air gets the least chance to work on them.

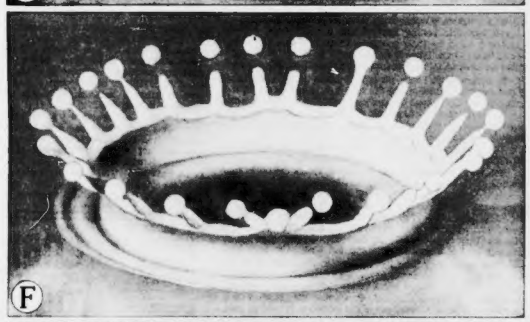
B
Half-Way In; a Tube of Liquid Is Rising.

C
The Drop Has Vanished, the Tube Has Straightened Out.

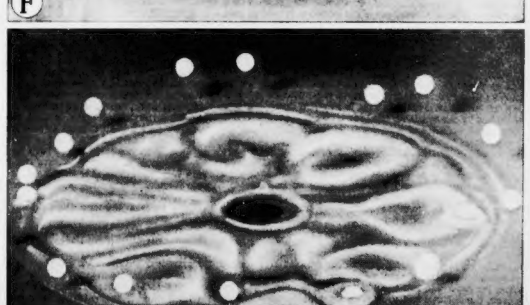
D
The Tube Has Changed Its Mind, Deciding to Spread, After All, Forming a Sort of Scalloped Dish.



E
But While the Tube Keeps on Spreading, the Lower Part Sinks Away, Forming the Semblance of a Crown With Little Drops, Like Jewels.



F
The Half-Sunken Crown Is Losing Its Jewels.



G
The Crown Is Gone, Leaving Only a Pattern on the Surface—Yet Nearly All the Jewels Are Still in the Air.

Photographs by Edgerton, Germeshausen and Grier, M. I. T., Cambridge, Mass. Copyright 1932.

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What To Do If Attacked, Now A College Course

In order to teach the modern college undergraduate what to do in case he meets a burglar on a dark night, or is held up on his way home from school, as well as to make it easy for him to bring criminals to justice, the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia, has made a part of its curriculum the very first course in self-defense in any college in the country.

With the title of "A Course in Self-Defense Against Sudden Vicious Attacks," and subtitled, "A Knowledge of How to Acquire Certain Skills in Tumbling, Dodging, and Falling Which Will Lessen or Prevent Injury from Accident," this brand-new course gives the lads detailed instruction in boxing, wrestling, jiu-jitsu, and the fine French art of kicking, known to scholars of boxing as "savate."

The learned professor who has not only laid out the various portions of the course but whose idea it was, is Dr. J. Leonard Mason, instructor and boxing coach of the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania's Physical Education Department, one-time police instructor in Newark, and expert boxer as well as boxing coach.

"Naturally, one of the first things which I tell my pupils is that they must not think that it is wise to resist a sudden attack in any and all situations," explained Dr. Mason. "There are many situations in which it would be foolhardy to try to resist. If a hold-up man, for instance, carries a knife or a loaded gun or a club, I believe it is correct to caution my students against resistance unless they find there is a very good chance of disarming the opponent in quick, short, sure movement.

"I think it is much safer to follow the assailant's movements unless one is certain he can defend himself successfully and efficiently. A number of my pupils have reported cases, however, where they have been able to put their newly-acquired training to good advantage."

Dr. Mason's course begins with exercises in which the entire class practices fundamental gymnastics. They walk at an ordinary pace and then, when an abrupt signal is given, they come to a sudden stop. They walk backwards at a quick pace and, after their walking is sufficiently well-trained, they are given instruction in learning how to take "snappy" single set-backs of the kind used in boxing.

"A series of boxing steps is taught, and short forward

Besides Teaching the Manly Arts, the Professor Supplies the Pupils With Clubs for Practicing the Technique of Subduing Violent Attacks.

jumps are rigorously practiced for the first few lessons," Dr. Mason continued. "Skipping rope and hopping exercises are given to complete the preliminary training. After my pupils master these, I begin teaching them how to "hit the turf," for which purpose they have to practice doubling up like a ball and rolling around like a hoop-snake, getting pushed around by their partners in such a way that they learn to duck their heads at the right time and fall to the floor so that their momentum helps them get to their feet.

"I believe that every youngster needs to be toughened. I am convinced that man's life is a fight from birth, in the schoolyard, the vacant lot and on the street corners, and safety-first are the order of the day, and shutting your eyes to them does not do any good. In my course at Penn, I use games to good advantage because they are of great value in making the participants less awkward on their feet and in developing quicker reactions to an emergency."

Boxing and wrestling are, of course, fundamental in this course on the art of self-defense. However, Dr. Mason believes that boxing alone is not enough to ward off the attack of a gunman. He instructs his interested pupils in fighting with their bare fists, in the manner of the Japanese, who toughen their hands by striking the end of the fingers against the wall. In this way fingers and hands are not broken if you hit an opponent with your bare fist.

"The science of jiu-jitsu is very important," went on Dr. Mason. "Many of the holds used in ordinary wrestling and jiu-jitsu are taught but I think the 'fall back and toss over head' hold one of the most effective. This hold is used in case of a front attack; while the attacker is holding you, your foot is placed in his groin and you throw him overhead by a forcible straightening of the leg as he falls toward you.

"We also teach the best principles of the French contest, 'savate,' in the use of kicking. Although this art is not to your liking as a sport, and although it may be repulsive to our foot sporting instincts, it is valuable to warding off street attacks. If one is knocked down and approached by his assailant, the kick becomes a very effective defense. Considerable care must be taken during the attraction of this method.

"In short, eight clubs are used to reenact attacks. The necessity of absolute accuracy in warding off knives, because a miss may be fatal, is emphasized. Certain studied moves are repeated over and over again so that through practice become reflex actions; some of them are: being jumped on from the rear, being grasped from the front or side, both with arms pinned and arms free, having the neck grasped, being strangled as a room any lying on one side, the face or the back, being assailed by one, two or more attackers.

"Our more advanced pupils learn a series of effective punches," said Dr. Mason, "like the straight left to the chin, the right and left hook to the jaw, the quick one-two punch, the ducking and countering right to the solar plexus. We teach them the cover-up defense and the use of the elbow in hitting, or the 'rabbit' punch as well as flat-hand blows.

"We give instructions in various arm-locks, the 'lying mare and hammer-locks.' We show now important a cool head is in an emergency and we emphasize the importance of speed in action."

Solved Mystery Of Friend's Initials On His Wife's Back

VASILE GIORDANU, manager of a Bucharest store, came home recently in a towering rage and threw a letter on the kitchen table. "Read this," he shouted at his wife, Lola. She picked it up. The envelope was postmarked Montreal, Canada. In it was a message from a friend of the family, Puiu Niciu. She knew that her husband had loaned Niciu a sum of money five weeks before to pay his way to Canada. This was perhaps a letter of thanks.

He thanked Giordanu for his help all right. His gratitude was so great, the letter said, that he felt bound to confess his sin against his benefactor. He felt so ashamed that he could not keep silent about it any longer.

"Your wife was my mistress for months before I left for Canada," he wrote. "When I saw her for the last time, I already had the money from you in my pocket. But I had felt so conscience-stricken that I could not just go and let you think that your wife deserves your affection. I wronged you deeply, it's true, but the fault was hers. She tempted me and I was foolish enough to give in. That is why, on my last visit to her, I did what I could to set things right.

"I felt that you must be told, it was the least I could do. But I was afraid you couldn't accept such an accusation on my sayso; that I would have to give you proof. I planned to give you that proof. I had a rubber stamp made with my initials and hers. On that last visit, during an embrace, I seized the opportunity to stamp those letters on the small of her back in indelible ink. You can find it for yourself. Try to forgive me."

"Then it's true!" the Husband Shouted, as He Ripped the Dress From Her Back to Expose the Initials of His Friend Stenciled There. Then He Left to See His Lawyer.

When Lola read the letter and saw that her husband believed it, she was beside herself with indignation. It was all a lie, she stormed. She swore she was innocent, that Giordanu would not be moved. Show me your back, was his single demand. His wife felt a sickening fear, what if such initials were in some mysterious fashion stamped on her body? She screamed and ran from her husband who pursued her into the bedroom. She stumbled and in a moment her husband had ripped her dress from her back.

She heard him shout in triumph. "Then it's true." A stream of vile names poured from his lips. "I could kill you," was his final imprecation, "but you're not worth it —I'm going to my lawyer." The door slammed behind him.

The stunned wife sat up and tried to understand what had happened. How could this vile brand have gotten on her back? It was impossible, she repeated to herself. Even when mirrors revealed it was true she couldn't believe it. "And yet," she argued logically, "it is true. It's there." Had she perhaps been unfaithful to her husband in some kind of dream, or in a moment of intoxication? Yet she knew she had never done anything wrong. But what judge, what jury would believe her if she asserted that nobody, not even her husband, had come near her for months?

That was the most serious part of it. She and her husband had been sleeping in different rooms, with locked doors, due to a serious quarrel. Besides, she would have been awakened if by some device any one had broken into her bedroom as she was a light sleeper. It was just as if the stigma had appeared out of nowhere, but it was no miracle, because there was the letter from Niciu to prove it was real.

At last Lola went to a private detective with her problem. She swore that she had nothing to do with Niciu nor deceived her husband in any way. She explained how she and her husband had slept in separate rooms for several months, and how to her knowledge nobody had come near her. The detective believed her, for she would not be paying him to clear up the mystery if she were not sincere. In the course of questioning, he found out that she had no maid, had not been to a doctor for months, didn't visit swimming pools, and had not even been at the dressmakers for some time. There was nobody she knew who had seen her undressed and who could have placed the compromising marks on her back.

The detective was about ready to admit defeat. Suddenly he asked, when had she last taken a bath? "Last week," she replied in surprise. She went to a Turkish bath every week but nobody there knew who she was.

But the alert detective pointed out how strange it was that the attendant had not noticed the stigma. "Maybe she saw it and didn't want to be impolite," he went on, "and then again, maybe it wasn't there to be noticed. Prove that there was no mark on your back a week ago and your husband's case collapses because you say Niciu left several weeks ago."

Lola was happy to think that the case might be solved after all, and told him to investigate to the limit. After he found out the name of the masseuse who attended her he managed to strike up a friendship with that girl and took her out several times. One afternoon when he had loosened the girl's tongue with a few glasses of wine, he slyly suggested that she must have many interesting experiences in her profession.

The masseuse was glad of a chance to amuse her companion, and babbled on about one incident after another. "Only a few weeks ago," she said, "a well-dressed man asked me to do a strange thing. I was to stamp a seal with some initials on the back of a lady I treat every week. The man said it was just a practical joke, but he paid me pretty well. Imagine spending $20 just for a practical joke; he must have been crazy."

This was a wonderful bit of luck. The detective had only been trying to find out how long the stigma had been present on Lola's back. But here he had learned how it got there. Still, he had to prove that Mr. Giordanu and not some practical joker, had arranged it. The detective scattered where the manager dined and arranged to meet the masseuse there one evening. The girl had never been in such a smart place and took in every detail with big eyes. When she noticed Giordanu at one of the tables she exclaimed that there was the gentleman who bribed her to stamp the lady's back. Jubilantly the detective went to Mrs. Giordanu.

"We've solved the whole case," he told her, and repeated the story of the masseuse. "Obviously your husband wrote the letter himself. He probably did receive a thank-you note from that man in Canada, and used the envelope to make his letter look genuine."

The physician was kept for pay. So he wanted to get rid of me," she said. He would have branded me forever as a faithless woman and made my own back testify against me in court. Well, we'll see," she exulted, and joyfully went to file a counter-suit for divorce.

The brutal husband, not suspecting the turn which events had taken, turned up blithely at the trial to hear himself declared a wronged and patient husband. Although he had been startled by the announcement of the counter-suit, he felt sure that it was just a pathetic little attempt to strike back. He really had nothing to worry about.

But his well-laid plans had laid an egg. He had not made allowance for a smart detective and the old rule that justice will triumph, which most wrong-doers forget to their cost. Giordanu was freed from his wife as he wished, but hardly as he had planned. Instead of the $20 bribe to the masseuse, all he had expected to spend his divorce cost him a large share of his fortune. It did not even get him the freedom he wished, as the court forbade him to remarry.

Now Lola has all the alimony she wants, and no more trouble from the husband whom she could not trust be-

Changing Temperatures Found To Be A Key To Health

"VARIETY'S the very spice of life," wrote William Cowper, the 18th century English poet.

Now science finds that this is wholly true so far as heat and cold are concerned. Varying the temperature of our bodies is the best thing that can be done for physical vigor, according to recommendations recently made by the distinguished British expert, Sir Leonard Hill. At a lecture before the St. John Institute of Physical Medicine he pointed out that the blood is much better off when it chases back and forth in the body than when it stagnates.

To speed it, appears, to race the blood once in a while is why chauffeurs race their engines. This cleans out the carburetor. By swiftly moving back and forth between the skin and the internal organs, the blood manages alternately to flush the skin and to drain it in much the same way.

This kind of exercise is just what the body needs to keep it in trim. People who keep coving from hot indoor temperatures to cool outdoor weather succeed in this manner in making the blood vessels in the skin tighten up and send more blood to the internal organs.

The tonic of this is really the spice of life, because unvaried warmth enervates us so much that sometimes it is no longer possible to have children according to Sir Leonard. Even when that is not the case, those who coddle themselves by staying indoors or who live in the tropics where there is no cold weather, are bound to deteriorate. Their machinery for blood movement gets flabby from lack of use. In brief, there is nothing to back an carburetor warmth is comfortable, but it is not healthy.

Still, neither are some of the known ways of quickening the blood healthy. The blood-chasing effects of fright and embarrassment have such a nervous reaction that any advantage in the way of circulation is lost in other ways.

Varied temperature is a good way to "startle" the blood without harming the nerves unduly. Getting out in the cold air once in a while also widens the breathing tubes in the throat and chest and causes deeper breathing. This, in turn, is good for the lungs that are washed clean and expanded. The deep breathing also "massages" organs in the abdomen. Such inside exercise of muscles keeps one in trim to an extent that it would be difficult to achieve by artificial methods.

In the words of Sir Leonard, "the breathing of cool air promotes evaporation from the respiratory membrane and stimulates secretion and the flow of blood, thus cleansing the membrane."

The advantage of this is that infections are avoided which might otherwise be painful or even serious in the life of an individual.

Not least of the benefits listed is the sharpening of the appetite caused by contact with cold air. Jaded and tired feelings are thrown off, constipation is prevented, and sickness reduced, all by the breath of winter.

Perhaps the greatest stimulation of all, as cited by Sir Leonard, is sea-bathing. Actually ten times the physical health of resting indoors is possible when one takes a dip; and this increased metabolism is what makes beach bathing such a wise summer activity, when heat is abnormally present.

Society Formed To Enhance The Beauty Of Males

CONVINCED that men are just as vain as women, the Male Beauty Organization was formed recently in New York for the purpose of turning out handsome men in wholesale lots, custom-built, with straight noses, dimpled chins and all the other masculine charms that are supposed to cause a flutter in feminine hearts. It has been figured out that the American male frequently needs one or more of three different types of beauty services—but many men are ashamed to be caught looking at themselves in a mirror or be seen sneaking out of a beauty parlor.

The first need is to remove the hair from the patient's chest and legs, where it is repulsive to many. The second is to keep it on his head, where it should be encouraged. The third is to chisel his facial features into perfection by plastic surgery. According to the Male Beauty Organization, the 1937 model American should look as follows:

HEAD—He should have a full head of hair, parted or slicked back, according to his individual preference. He should not have any cowlicks, however. Nor should he have sideburns, as these are considered too theatrical for American males. Squared-off sideburns are permitted only for the English type, and pointed ones for the Latin type.

FOREHEAD: He should have a three-inch expanse of forehead between hair-line and eyebrows in order to look intelligent. The "lowbrow" must be eliminated. So must the "monkey" type, in which the hair grows heavily at the sides.

EYEBROWS—He must have smooth, regular eyebrows. The wild, bushy type must be groomed and the beady "villain" type eliminated.

EARS—His ears must not stick out like handles on a cream pitcher, nor must they hug the head too closely.

LIPS—His lips must be full and regular. Lower lip however, should not be too full, nor should upper lip be arched in a Cupid's bow.

CHIN—His chin should be firm and should not recede. A dimple on it is optional, depending upon his particular type of beauty.

BODY—His body should incline to slimness, but may conform to his particular type, depending upon his height.

The Time Has Not Yet Come When Men Will Openly Visit the Beauty Specialists, Though They Now Patronize the Parlors by Way of Back and Side Doors.

His chest should be free from hair, especially if he wears only bathing trunks at the beach.

The "Tarzan type" male with the hairy chest must disappear, declare the beautifiers. "Men are now realizing that the athlete with the Brazilian jungle on his chest is no longer popular at the beaches. Formerly, in order to justify his hairiness he put on athletic prowess. It is this Tarzan type that used to make a nuisance of himself, turning handsprings and tossing the medicine ball.

The attention which some men are now paying to beauty should be encouraged, the leaders of the Male Beauty Organization, of course, believe. Man is the only male member of the animal kingdom that is not better looking than the female of the species, they point out.

"Today 98 per cent of the work of the Hair and Scalp department is being done for men, and from my experience I would say they were much vainer than the women, though they try hard not to show it," states Miss Monica Mc... If you want to see how vain men really are about their looks, all you have to do is to watch them while they are waiting for a subway or elevated train. If they think they are not observed they will stare boldly at themselves in the mirrors of chewing gum and weighing machines. But if they know that somebody is looking they will resort to many little tricks to cast sidelong glances at themselves. The women are much more frank. They will pull out their vanity cases boldly and will look at themselves without a blush."

Towards the end of the World War, when scarred and wounded veterans began coming home, the science of plastic surgery, which had made great strides in the hospitals in France, came to America. At first men went to the plastic surgeon to have their shell-shattered faces reconstructed, but then becoming bolder, they went to have noses straightened, ears fixed and their features made more attractive.

During the depression, when jobs were hard to hold and still harder to obtain, more and more men sought the services of the plastic surgeon, and the business of the scalp and hair specialist also began to grow.

"Then, for the first time, men really began to overcome their timidity as far as beauty treatments were concerned," the beauty doctors claim. "They realized that an employer looks first at a man's appearance and then at his qualifications. An ugly nose gives a man an unsociable complex and is apt to make him shy. A bald head makes a man look at least ten years older than he really is, puffs or 'bags' under his eyes make him look tired and worn. And so men with these and other handicaps began going to beauty surgeons for treatments."

Men have not as yet reached the point where they go boldly to the face-fixers. They prefer to slip in by side entrances. Realization of the importance of a good appearance in business and social life, and the influence of the handsome movie lovers, have had such an effect on women that wives and sweethearts are encouraging their men to get rid of some of their blemishes.

But not all men who visit the surgeons have facial deformities. Some come just to have a dimple put in their chins or cheeks to make them look even more attractive. Life guards, stage and screen actors and others whose manly charms are seen by many women, form a special dimple class of clients.

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Sent the Japanese Beauty Queen a Deadly Snake

Miss Kinoshita, the Contest Winner, Fainted, but It Is a Quaint Jap Custom to "Say It With Serpents," Sometimes Bushels of Them, Instead of Insulting Letters or Bombs in the Mail

Miss Michiko Kinoshita, the Beauty Contest Winner, Who Was Sent the Snake.

Miss Kinoshita With Her Pet Dog.

As Miss Kinoshita Lifted the Box, the Lid Suddenly Opened and Out Darted the Head of a Poisonous Snake, Its Red Tongue Lacking Toward Her Face.

Miss Aiko Takashima, Who Was the Winner of the First Japanese Beauty Contest.

Miss Inako Tsukamoto, Who Won the Second Prize but Got No Snakes.

Miss Komako Hara, Who, After Being Selected as Japan's Most Beautiful Movie Actress, Received Several Snakes.

TOKIO.

"HERE it is. Here is my prize," cried Miss Michiko Kinoshita, who had been declared the prettiest girl of all Japan in the great beauty contest conducted by the magazine Fujin Kurabu, as she eagerly took a large package from the hands of the parcel post delivery man.

Her uncle, Gambei Tanaka, at whose home she was living in Osaka, smilingly signed the postman's receipt, and then, with his wife, watched his twenty-one-year-old niece open the package. A girl of Western lands would have done this on the nearest table, but Michiko, in Oriental fashion, placed it on the immaculate floor and squatted beside it, cross-legged.

The previous day she had received, on the magazine's stationery, the following letter:

"Dear Miss Kinoshita: We are delighted to inform you that you have been chosen first prize winner of our recent beauty contest. As we promised in the announcement of the contest, we are sending you a suitable prize in the form of a marble bust of yourself, rendered by a well-known sculptor. It will be delivered shortly by parcel post."

"How could they make a bust of me that will look like me, when they only had my photographs," the girl asked as she tugged at the strings instead of taking time to get a knife from the kitchen. Finally she pushed the string over one corner, tore away the paper wrapping, and exposed a beautiful enameled box.

"Isn't it lovely?" Michiko cried, pausing to admire the box itself before opening the cover, then lifted it up in her hands. "But isn't it light for a marble bust," she exclaimed. And then she cried again:

"Look!! How cute! It is opening all by itself."

Sure enough, the lid began to rise slowly and steadily.

They heard a faint *hissing*, like the scraping of a needle *before* a talking machine record *starts* to play. Miss Kinoshita, bending *her* head to peer under the *rising lined jerked* back with a scream, for the *cover* had opened wide, disclosing the venomous head of one of Japan's most poisonous snakes, a little red tongue, playing like forked lightning, in and out of its mouth.

Mrs. Tanaka also screamed at the sight of this deadly thing where all had been expecting a charming marble bust of pretty little Michiko, but her husband had the presence of mind to slam the lid down before the snake could get out, and he placed a heavy weight on the cover. Michiko, hands paralyzed by fear, had been unable to drop the box, fortunately.

She fainted, and when she revived the heartbroken girl almost wished that the snake had given her a fatal bite and she begged her uncle to do nothing. It is just as dear to the heart of a Japanese girl to be known as the beauty queen of the year as it is to any woman in Europe or the Americas.

Also, in Japan the winners of these contests seem not to be dogged by the ill-luck that pursues those of Occidental countries. The magazine, a monthly with a circulation of over a million, had printed pictures showing a great room stacked with photographs of her pretty competitors and telling of the hard work of the judges. It seemed impossible that she would even be noticed out of all those thousands upon thousands of others.

When she read the incredibly good news, it had struck her as too good to be true, that it must be a mistake. But there it was, a formal letter signed by someone who, no doubt, was a high executive, and it was on the magazine's letterhead stationery. That night she had gone to bed deliriously happy, but dreamed a dreadful nightmare. In this it turned out that she was not the winner at all, and that all Tokio was laughing at her conceit that she had fancied for a moment that she was the prettiest girl in Japan.

That is what she was sure it must be. Somebody had played a trick on her. She begged her uncle to save her face by not telling anyone how she had been fooled. Mr. Tanaka was furious. He said he could take a joke as well as anyone. Sending snakes to people, throwing them at people, even dumping them by the bushel on people, is an ancient Japanese method of expressing disapproval. If this had been an ordinary, harmless snake, he might have overlooked it, but to send a poisonous snake through His Imperial Majesty's mails to an unsuspecting girl in his home was more than Tanaka could endure. What were the police for? He would and he did tell them all about it.

The poor girl hid, with thoughts of committing hara-kiri to escape the expected burst of public ridicule. But the public did not laugh because it turned out that Miss Kinoshita had really and truly won that beauty contest.

At the Nakamoto Police Station they saw that the stamps on the package had been canceled at the post office of the Otawa-Koishikawa ward, which handles the magazine's mail, so the matter was referred to the metropolitan police of the Tokio district, who found it a most curious mystery.

Though Michiko had won first prize, none of the winners had been announced. Therefore, it could only have been known to employes of the publication and their families and friends. The magazine intended to give the girl a check and some other suitable gift, but there had been no thought of a marble bust. The announcement was to be, not by letter, but by a representative who would present the check and gift in a big public ceremony. Nobody doubted the magazine's horrified denial of any desire to send their winner a poisonous snake as her reward.

There was a thought, at first, that some spurned lover might have done it, but thorough investigation of the girl's carefully-chaperoned life, showed that she had never had a lover, spurned or otherwise. Neither had she won any man away from some other woman, thus arousing the demon of jealousy enough to prompt the sending of that deadly valentine. It was established that nobody connected with the publication was acquainted with the girl or any of her friends.

Having eliminated all other possibilities, detectives are working on the theory that it was the act of one of the rival contestants, a woman who knew one of the magazine's employes well enough to get inside information of how the contest was progressing. As is usually the case, those who had no chance were as rapidly weeded out as possible until there remained just 100, from whom, after more careful consideration, the first, second and third prize winners would be chosen.

The police detectives believe that among this 100 is the woman who sent the snake. Confident up to the last minute that she was going to be the victor and then receiving the word that the triumph was going to another, the sudden disappointment was too much to endure. She showed her disapproval of the judges' decision by sending a snake and, for good measure, made it a venomous one.

Miss Kinoshita can understand how a woman might be piqued enough to wish to kill her successful rival, but if so she thinks the attempt would have been made with a knife, not with a snake, which all women hate to handle.

The police agree that unless the lady lies are looking for as a snake charmer, she certainly did not do that job with her own fair hands. But if she was pretty enough to get into that last hundred she had the power to get some man to procure the snake, box it and send it. The use of the magazine's stationery for the spurious letter was not much of a clue. The public is continually inspecting the publication's plant, with plenty of opportunities to steal a few sheets and envelopes.

In many countries it would be no easy matter to get a poisonous snake at short notice, but in Japan anyone with a little money can quickly acquire a large assortment. Street peddlers in all the large cities have them constantly on sale. Snake venom is used in Japan as medicine for tuberculosis and other lingering diseases. But when a snake is sent by a person there is no sweet sentiment that the recipient will feel better, it is to show anything from mild disapproval to hatred.

If someone does an unpopular act he may expect to receive quite a number of harmless snakes, some dropped in the windows, some deposited in baskets on his doorstep and still others delivered by messenger. This means little more in Japan than would a lot of mean, comic valentines in the United States or anonymous letters.

If the person becomes very unpopular, he may have snakes thrown at him as he walks down the main street of his town. This may seem strange from such a polite people as the Japanese, but it is quite effective, especially in making women behave.

When a deadly snake is sent, it usually is a personal matter, a deadly hatred of the receiver by some individual or organization. Its equivalent in the Western world is sending an infernal machine or tossing a bomb through a window.

Not long ago an unpopular actor gave an exceptionally poor performance at the Kabuki Theatre, one of the largest entertainment houses in Tokio. One night a disgusted member of the audience in the gallery brought a basketful of snakes and poured the contents from the edge of the gallery down into the loge and dress circle, causing a near panic. This was repeated whenever this actor appeared for some days until the critic was arrested. The snakes were non-poisonous.

In other lands they throw eggs, which are harder on the actors, but not so hard on the audience. However the Japanese read with disapproval that in the course of theatrical labor troubles in the United States, they throw "stink bombs," which is an ancient Chinese idea and considered very bad manners in Japan. The Japanese sometimes use snakes as a political argument.

During a stormy session of the Japanese Diet, a spectator in the gallery who was apparently angered by the attack launched on the government by members of the opposition party, emptied a basketful of snakes down on the heads of the lawmakers. He was immediately arrested.

More recently, following the resignation of Dr. Ichitaro Hatoyama as Minister of Education in the Cabinet of Admiral Makoto Saito, predecessor of the present Prime Minister, over a graft scandal, a group of self-styled patriots brought a large wooden basketful of snakes into Hatoyama's garden and let them loose as a means of venting their disgust. The Japanese say that it is much more dignified than hoots and cat-calls and even the most reckless demagogue would hate to have a basket of snakes dropped down on his head.

Another custom practiced from ancient times, particularly among geisha girls, is that of sprinkling a few drops of mercury into the tea to be drunk by the girl who has incited the anger of another. Usually the mercury is obtained by scraping the back of a mirror. Drinking this concoction ruins the voice of the subject thus rendering her useless as a geisha or singing girl.

The first beauty prize winner in Japan was Miss Aiko Takashima, but the contest was then such a novelty that nobody sent her any snakes.

Later on, though, Miss Komako Hara was declared the most beautiful of Japanese movie actresses and she got a good dozen snakes, but none poisonous.

The second and third prize winners were Miss Inako Tsukamoto and Miss Utako Ikeda, respectively. But nobody cared enough to send them any snakes.

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ESCAPE FROM KITCHEN HEAT WITH QUICK SUMMER MEALS PLANNED AROUND HEINZ SOUPS!

1

Preparation Time—35 Minutes

Heinz Consommé, Chilled and Garnished with Watercress

Melba Toast

Heinz Cooked Spaghetti topped with

Sautéed Chipped Beef

Salad Bowl of Greens with French Dressing

Fresh Pineapple Slices, Sugared

Iced Coffee

2

Preparation Time—25 Minutes

Heinz Genuine Turtle Soup

Spaghetti Scramble with Bacon*

Chilled Fresh Apple Sauce

Heated Rolls Butter

Cantaloupe Coffee

*SPAGHETTI SCRAMBLE WITH BACON. Fry 6 slices bacon until crisp. Beat 5 eggs until light; add contents of a 15½-oz. can Heinz Cooked Spaghetti and turn into skillet containing a small amount of the bacon fat. Stir until consistency of scrambled eggs. Salt and pepper to taste. Serve on toast. Top with bacon broken into small pieces.

3

Preparation Time—25 Minutes

Heinz Chicken Gumbo (Creole) Soup

Heinz Oven-Baked Beans, Vegetarian Style

Corn-on-Cob

Fresh Vegetable Salad

Heinz Pure Apple Butter

Rolls Milk

4

Preparation Time—30 Minutes

Heinz Chicken Soup with Rice

Toasted Cheese Sandwiches

Salad Bowl of Mixed Vegetables

Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle

Chocolate Milk

Cookies

AMERICAN women are practicing a new hot-weather formula! It's "a hot dish for luncheon and dinner—and make it Heinz Home-style Soup." And here are the succulent favorites they are acclaiming:

Heinz *Consommé* and Heinz *Consommé Madrilene*—delicious either hot or cold. So rich and meaty they jell readily in the tin, without added gelatin.

Heinz Cream Soups—*Tomato, Green Pea, Mushroom, Spinach, Asparagus* and *Celery*—made with garden-fresh vegetables and thick, rich cream.

Heinz *Chicken with Rice* and *Chicken Gumbo (Creole)*—flavored with tender morsels of plump fowl, delicately seasoned.

Heinz *Vegetable Soup*, that tastes home-made, because it is the same sort of vegetable soup you make, full of rare "garden" flavor, enriched with beef stock.

Heinz *Corn Chowder* (Pennsylvania-Dutch style); Heinz *Genuine Turtle* (with bits of real sea turtle meat) and Heinz *Onion Soup*, French-type—the international favorite. Get a few tins of each!

ALL HEINZ SOUPS ARE READY TO HEAT AND SERVE—NO MIXING—NO DILUTING NECESSARY

TUNE IN ON PRIZE-WINNING PROGRAM!

HEAR "Heinz Magazine of the Air"—the program that won title of "Best Women's Daytime Show" in poll of 252 radio editors! 11 A.M., E.D.S.T., Columbia Network. Monday—Wednesday—Friday. B. A. Rolfe's Orchestra. Bill Adams' "Table Talk" makes your mouth water. "Trouble House". Guest stars. Reed Kennedy, baritone.

Save This

SHOPPING LIST AND TAKE IT TO YOUR GROCERS

1 SHOPPING LIST

Heinz Consommé — Heinz Cooked Spaghetti — Dried Beef — Fresh Pineapple — Salad Greens — Heinz Olive Oil — Heinz Cider Vinegar — Coffee — Bread

2 SHOPPING LIST

Heinz Genuine Turtle Soup — Heinz Cooked Spaghetti — Green Apples — Cantaloupe — Bacon — Coffee — Rolls — Butter

3 SHOPPING LIST

Heinz Chicken Gumbo (Creole) — Heinz Vegetarian Style Beans — Corn-on-cob — Fresh Vegetables for Salad — Lettuce — Heinz Pure Apple Butter — Rolls — Milk

4 SHOPPING LIST

Heinz Chicken Soup with Rice — Bread — Fresh Vegetables for Salad — Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle — Chocolate Milk — Cheese — Cookies

LET Heinz cooks do all your heavy stove-work for you this summer. Plan your luncheons and dinners around a hot dish of Heinz Home-style Soup. Cooling! Energy-building! Satisfying! *It's delicious!* It requires only heating before serving.

Look over the menus suggested here. Try them. They can be prepared in a jiffy. Your whole family will cheer! You'll have real home-tasting meals. Heinz cooks make sure of that.

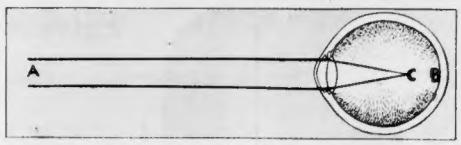
They prepare soups with all the care, skill, patient tending and expert seasoning that you observe. For Cream of Tomato Soup Heinz chefs use—*generously*—cream that is much richer and thicker than whipping cream. And "pedigreed" tomatoes—prize, vine-ripened beauties raised from Heinz own seedlings. Seasonings come straight from the Orient, where Heinz own spice hunters choose them from the pick of the world's crops and ship them right to Heinz.

Keep cooler this summer. Eat better! Adopt the popular idea of serving "one hot dish"—and make it Heinz Home-style Soup! That's the modern—the easy—way to step-up summer appetites!

Heinz HOME-STYLE Soups

Cockeyed Modern Art Explained At Last

Examination of Their Eyes by an Oculist Reveals Queer Ailments and Aberrations of Vision of Impressionists, Cubists, Futurists and Other "Art" Cults Which Make Them See the Grotesque Monstrosities They Paint and Sculpt



In Normal Vision, Light Rays From an Object Focus Directly on the Retina (A), Which Resembles a Photographic Plate. But in an Elongated Eyeball the Focus Point (B) Is in Front of the Retina, Causing It to Receive a Blurred Image. This Is Near-Sightedness — the Eye Defect That Produces Some of the "Wooziest" of Modern Art.

CUBISTS, impressionists, superrealists and other artists who turn out such freakish paintings and sculpture that many people think they must be crazy or joking, are, most of them, really sane and sincere. They are honestly painting and carving the world as they see it, and the reason they see it that crazy way is because they have defective eyesight. Such is the finding of Dr. Lloyd Mills, well-known eye specialist of Los Angeles, after ten years study of a mystery that has puzzled everybody.

Of course, an artist can't label his work with any name that comes into his head. But if he calls it a portrait of somebody, it would seem only reasonable that it will be at least a recognizable likeness. A portrait painter might make a picture of his neighbor's wife, but if the husband and friends of the woman would never guess who it was—what sense is there in painting, such a picture?

A few days ago an American artist, Walter A. Russell, completed a striking bronze bead of Mark Twain, the humorist. Nowhere would anybody who had seen a photograph of Mark Twain, or who had known him personally, have any doubt that it was a faithful likeness. Alongside of the Mark Twain bust is shown on this page an odd chunk of marble executed by the modernist sculptor Constantin Brancusi, which he calls a "Portrait Bust of Mrs. Willy Pogany," wife of an artist friend of the sculptor.

Any reader can compare the photograph of the attractive Mrs. Pogany with the "portrait bust" by the distinguished Brancusi. Does the reader imagine that Mr. Pogany, or any of their friends and neighbors, would recognize Mme. Pogany in this modern masterpiece? Dr. Mills' investigation shows that to an artist with short-sighted eyes the most attractive woman of one is halfway across the room may look like a horse or most anything.

Also on this page is shown a sculptural monstrosity by the great Epstein, which he calls "Genesis." Epstein's favorite model was Dolores, an attractive woman. Is it to be supposed that Dolores appears to the eyes of Epstein like the grotesque figure he had sculptured? If Epstein is able to see Dolores or any other of his models the way the camera sees her, and most sane people see her, and Epstein deliberately chisels such a thing as this statue of "Genesis"—then what's the sense in his bothering with a model at all?

Besides being an realist, Dr. Mills had another special advantage in understanding why some artists insist on turning out such absurd work. His own eyes are so defective that when he takes off his glasses the world looks to Dr. Mills just as it is depicted by the most extreme impressionist painters.

Most artists perceive their work is trying to their eyes, have some form of eye-trouble but today, of course, most any of their defects can be corrected by proper glasses. And when this is done for them, the artist, reveling in being able to see straight at last, gladly wear his glasses forever more, "while he works". He does nothing of the kind as revealed in the following extract from Dr. Mills's article, "Peripheral Vision in Art," published in a recent issue of the magazine, "The Archives of Ophthalmology." He writes:

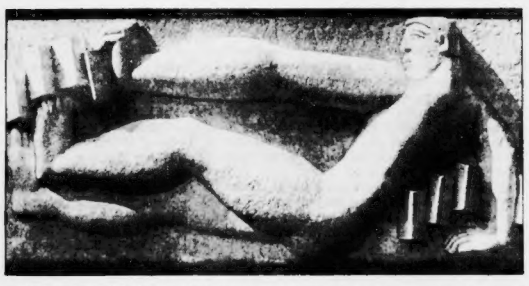
"My attention first was drawn to this problem about ten years ago when I became interested in an artist who had a sprightly sense of color and contour but who created curious distortions of details, such as too long hands and enlarged knuckles, which suggested the likelihood of imperfect sight.

"Examination revealed compound, near-sighted astigmatism in both eyes which, when corrected, gave him normal vision. The glasses made him aware of the distortions in his paintings and led him to complain that the unaccustomed clearness of detail and color made him lose the effects of masses of color and the essential glimpse of form which, as usual, marked when vision is blurred. He never became able to paint in his established style when using glasses."

One can hardly blame the artist for scorning the aid of science in his profession because it would have ruined him. If he painted with his glasses on, he would soon lose all his following of cockeyed enthusiasts who bought and admired his paintings entirely because they were cockeyed. He would then have to build up a new following among those who see straight, meeting not only the competition of clear-eyed artists but of the camera. The camera though a deadly rival to the artist who can and does paint things true to life, is almost as inoperative to the freak artist who paints things as they are not.

Here Is a Bronze Head of Mark Twain, Recently Completed by Walter A. Russell, Who Is Standing by It. Anyone Familiar With the Features of the Famous Humorist Can See It Is a Likeness of Him, and Nobody Would Mistake It for a Horse. But on the Right Is a Peculiar Chunk of Marble Which the Modernist Sculptor Brancusi Calls a "Portrait Bust" of Mme. Pogany. But Whatever It Is, Would Any Normal Eyes See a Resemblance to Mme. Pogany, Whose Photograph Is Facing It?

Above Is One of Epstein's Marble Monstrosities, Called "Genesis." Beside It Is a Photograph of His Famous Model "Dolores." But Why Did Epstein Waste Time on a Model—Or Did "Dolores'" Face and Figure Look to Him Like That Grotesque Thing He Chisled?



This Is a Bas Relief Made by Frank Dobson for a Building in London. Mr. Dobson May Not Be Near Sighted, but If the Women He Sees Look to Him Like This It's No Compliment to the Ladies.

Few persons with normal sight realize that the sharp, clear newsphotographs reproduced in the papers seem unreal and unsatisfactory to anyone with uncorrected near-sightedness. Such people get their sense of distance, not so much from perspective as from indistinctness. For instance, a photograph looks contrary to nature to them because it is possible, in it, to recognize a face from as far away as across the street, whereas to their myopic eye, a face 20 feet away is a blur.

Except among the rather vainer type of women, uncorrected eye defects are rapidly becoming a thing of the past in America, but on the continent of Europe there remains enough prejudice against glasses to make even men wear them only for reading and to go stumbling around outdoors half blind. The monocle, or half an eyeglass, is a ridiculous attempt to compromise between common sense and vanity. It is not surprising that in Europe the cockeyed art cults flourish better than in America where the truth-telling spectacles make their distorted products look funny.

A Self-Portrait by Louis Marcoussis. Can It Be That This Is What the Distinguished Artist Sees When He Gazes at a Looking-Glass?

One of the oldest and most firmly imbedded distortions of nature due to the defective artistic eye is the star. A clear-eyed child, seeing for the first time a glittering five-pointed object, hanging on the Christmas tree, is surprised to learn that it is a star. He would never have guessed that it was supposed to look like one of those twinkling dots of light in the night sky. To the naked eye, with perfect vision, a star has neither five points, nor any points at all, seeming not from the sky but from the heart and solemnly painted by artists with serigraphic aberrations.

The case of the cockeyed-gyrational artist who carefully uncorrected his eyes by putting on his spectacles before going to work, was so impressive that it got the eyes of scientists interested in the general subject of cockeyed art, leading him also to remove his glasses and compare what he saw with what artists seem to see. After telling in technical detail the kind and degree of his near and farsightedness, he goes on to say:

"At distances over 20 feet, objects become greatly blurred and colors run together with curious blends and unusual washed-out values. There is definite oblique distortion at far distances, following in the lines eye and often only the essential lines of form and contour provide the clue for identification of the object under examination. Such lines frequently take the jazz mathematical shape of cubism, and if I were a painter, my conception often would be essentially geometric."

In other words if Dr. Mills had been a painter instead of an oculist and like some artists had scorned glasses, he would have probably painted just about as the other impressionists. But if he had undertaken to do a portrait of himself, he probably wouldn't have gone quite as far as Louis Marcoussis, whose "self-portrait" is shown in the lower part of this page. It must take something else besides bad eyesight for a man to "low-rate" himself like that.

Equally curious is Frank Dobson's bas relief, also reproduced on this page. Dr. Mills makes no reference to Mr. Dobson's eyes—but if they are quite normal, how can this distorted figure be explained?

Most interesting of all is Dr. Mills's account of an orchestra as seen without glasses. Here is the world's first description by a scientifically-trained observer of how things look through the eyes of an impressionistic artist, acquiring that and perhaps every other form of art cultist of any charges of nature-faking or joking, Dr. Mills says:

"At symphony concerts my seat is about in the middle of the pit, nearly 70 feet from the stage. Three points of attention fix my interest at once, the tall form of the leader in the center, attenuated like an El Greco drawing, two golden harps on the left flank and a strong white reflection from the curved, glistening, light-brown barrel of the bass drum all striving for attention.

"The director holds the center of interest, gyrating in strange contortions like some fearful wizard before a medley of misshapen patterns in blacks, grays, whites, browns and gold; there are no details anywhere, merely blurred outlines of color, form, light and movement. The 'cellos, on the right, appear like enormous yellow-brown gourds, placed on the bias, the hands of the cellists form curious patterns, the bowing hand being a yellowish disk weaving in and out. The white shirts of the drummer and the two men on the extreme flank of the bass viols, appear as blots of white and all other shirts as vertical slits.

"The faces of the players of the stringed instruments form a veritable flower pattern, like great nodding daisies, in whites and yellow-browns, the bowing hands weave up and down as yellow disks. The black clothes of the conductor and the row of men next to the audience, that is, the men farthest from the strong overhead illumination are jet black, while the identical apparel of the rest of the musicians directly under the lights is gray-black, the contrast being sharp.

"When the harps are seen with one eye and then the other there is a prompt change in the angle of their inclination from the vertical, which represents the difference in slant given by the different degrees of astigmatism in the two eyes. The same change is noted in the size, shape and slant of the 'cellos and in the hands and faces.

"If I were a painter and could depict this orchestra exactly as it is seen with uncorrected vision, my picture is the forefront of truly impressionistic art would be unchallenged."

The astigmatism of the artist John Singer Sargent was so severe, according to Dr. Mills, that it made him see a green or red line around white objects and he often solemnly painted it in as such it were a fact. It is also pointed out that severest disease of the organ may cause alterations in vision, as well as of mentality, and such was the case it not entire cause of the picturesque eccentricities of Van Gogh and Gauguin.

The artist, Gordon Craig, according to his friend, the late Isadora Duncan, was so near-sighted that he could not recognize her across the dinner table. The famous French artist, Cezanne, who created the pattern for the neo-impressionist school, was not only very near-sighted but had a diseased retina due to the ravages of diabetes in the days before the introduction of insulin. Renoir, at the age of 64, when normal eyes tend to far-sightedness, was still so myopic that he used to hold paintings in his hands, instead of viewing them from across the studio.

These men and many others with no better eyes may have been geniuses but they could not have passed an eyesight test permitting them to drive a locomotive, and in some States they would not have been permitted to drive their own car until they had been fitted with proper glasses. And then their driver's license would have been stamped with a warning that they must not drive without them. It seems strange that such men who cannot see straight and therefore are mad to want to show the world what it looks like should pick on an artist's career as more than they would that of a sharpshooter in the army.

However, in some cases it is the career itself which causes the eye defect. Artists begin young and the eye strain of their work is terrific. Even landscape artists usually manage things so their eyes get a little rest from looking at a distance. Impressionist practice is to spend only a short time making sketches and color notes outdoors and then do the bulk of the work in the studio.

No sculptor was ever more jeered at than Jacob Epstein, who failed in New York but made a dazzling success in Europe, especially London. His marble monstrosities may look less than human to anyone with normal vision, but probably he carves them the way he sees things and his customers evidently see them the way he carves them. At any rate he can sell everything he turns out at high prices.

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How I Waded Through Blood

Extraordinary Confessions of the Brigand Chief, Bacha Saquo Hills Who Could Neither Read Nor Write, Who Overcame Established Himself and His Barbarous Royal Palace of Afghanis

Young King Amanullah and His Attractive Queen Souriya Wearing European Dress Which Disgusted the Rough Natives of Afghanistan and Started the Rebellious Spirit Which Bacha Saquo Took Advantage of to Drive the King and Queen from the Throne.

Kalakhan, the Native Village Where Bacha Saquo, Afterward King Habibullah, Was Born. The Wretched Little Mud Huts Can Be Seen Precariously Perched on the Hillside.

A Street in the Old Section of tan, Where Young Bacha S

Bacha Saquo Enlisted in King Amanullah's Army in Order to Learn Some Military Tactics Which He Could Use Against the Young King.

Village School in the ssence of the Mullah (C Teaching the Class

LIFE is precarious in Afghanistan, that semi-barbarous state which lies between Russia and India, but there is one spot, Kabul, the capital, where there is law and order and the refinements of civilized modern life. In Kabul lives the King (the Amir) in the royal palace and there are electric lights, telephones, automobiles and a few foreign legations. In the hills outside the capital murderous bands of brigands waylay travelers and rob the camel caravans without restraint.

It was Bacha Saquo, king of the bandits, who made up his mind to make himself king of his country. In these pages Bacha tells his own story of how he came down from the mountains at the head of his cutthroat band of robbers and overthrew the king, Amanullah.

Taking possession of the royal palace, Bacha and his wild hillmen looked at the bathtubs with curiosity; suspicious of the beds which they had never seen before they slept on the floors; they hung their cartridge belts on the gilded chandeliers and stripped off the palace draperies and rugs to use as blankets for their horses.

Bacha's wife, a rough woman of the hills accustomed to her mud hut, was now Queen, but she busied herself mixing dough and baking home-made bread in the palace kitchen. Bacha, the ruffian king, held cock-fights in the royal audience chamber and with a swing of his sword beheaded those who displeased him or, if he thought a public example was needed, he ordered offenders blown from the mouths of cannons. Only one of the savage outfit which made up the new King's cabinet could read or write.

Unmatched by any historical event in modern times, the adventures of this brigand who became a king read like chapters from the Arabian Nights.

CHAPTER I.

By BACHA SAQUO,
Robber Chief, Who Made Himself King of Afghanistan.

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I WAS a precocious boy of ten with a hard, cruel mouth—"a mouth that was not made to smile," my young friend and faithful follower Jamal said. I was determined to win success and wealth and was ready to wade through rivers of blood to accomplish my grim ambitions.

Well, I sat on the throne of my native country, Afghanistan. I could not read or write, but what was more important, I was quick with my knife and an unerring shot with my rifle. As a brigand in the hills robbing the camel caravans I and my bandits slept in our blankets on the ground. And so it was when we set ourselves up in the royal palace in Kabul, the capital, we cared not for the beds we saw for the first time. And if I thought it best to cut the throat of an offender as he stood before me in the royal audience chamber, what did it matter if a few pints of blood stained the rug?

Jamal, who is transcribing these notes which from time to time I dictate to him, was my boyhood companion in the rude little mountain village in Kohistan. It was a miserable village of mud huts and mud floors, and I, Bacha Saquo, had conceived a deep hatred of its poverty-stricken exterior and the self-sufficiency permeated by the Elders who ruled its puny and insignificant destinies.

Twenty-three juvenile heads, within the welcome shade of the mud-walled hovel which was our school, rocked back and forth in lazy, listless unison to the behests of the bearded Mullah, our teacher.

I, Bacha, must intone with the rest, for the watchful eye of my enemy but seldom strayed from my direction. What matter that I knew not what I said? Perforce, I must conform to discipline.

More, of course, this Holy Man had endeavored to obtain. He had complained, despairingly, to my father, the water-carrier, and—he had struck me—yes, across the head with his open palm, and across the head with his switch. And—this man was my enemy.

As I sat there, cross-legged, upon the smooth, mud-dung floor, mumming my puny protense at obedience, my eyes would seek this man's beard. They would peer further, beneath those straggling, hennaed hairs, to the scraggy muscles of that scrawny throat, and my eyes, underneath their film of complacent acquiescence to the dictate of authority, would gleam and smoulder as I imagined my hands at their work, tearing at the windpipe, and playing expertly with the jugular. Yes—I knew the technique. I had not roved the hills for nothing. I had already seen a man die, but that knowledge I kept to myself.

Gazing surreptitiously through the slits in the mud walls which let in both light and air, my thoughts would wander to the mountains and beyond, and I dreamed of what would happen when I came to man's estate.

I, Bacha Saquo, might be the village water-carrier's son, but not for me the mussack (water jug made of skin), and the labor of carrying sloping hides from the well.

In my mind's eye, as I crouched there, intoning, I could discern horsemen upon those shrubless, treeless hills, and the horsemen led pack mules, and heavily laden camels. In the rear, and in the place of honor between the village and a vigilant enemy, would be Bacha, returning victoriously from a descent upon the caravan routes.

Actually, in the haze upon the hilltops, through a slit to the right of the Mullah's head, there was a horseman. My sharp eyes had ferreted him out, though he still sought the cover of the boulders. Soon, he was joined by another, and yet another. Then, camels came into sight, and more horsemen. The man in the van I recognized. I knew the action of his mount, and the poise of its head. The man was a neighbor, who had denied the village his society for the past five days. Undoubtedly, he had done more than repair to the hills to round up the cattle which had strayed — or had they strayed? That, at least, was the story we pupils were told.

"O, yakedyab . . . O, yabeedejab . . . O, jaberdejab," continued the class, but I forgot to intone.

A slight movement to the left of that intriguing slit arrested and held my attention. The beard—it had ceased its upward and downward motion—an action which always reminded me of the tuft upon a billy-goat's chin moving in synchronism to the animal's munching—and its absurd and irritating longitudinal uprisings and aggravating downcomings had given place to a forward aggressiveness. Slowly, this feeble and unlovely appendage was thrust forward into intolerable belligerency, and my eye traveled upward, past quivering nostrils attached to a beaked, aquiline nose, to eyes, rheumy yet wrathful. I started to my feet, giving a little cry, but I was too late. The aged one was upon me, beating with his switch upon the skin which showed all too plentifully through the rents in my much-patched shirt.

My enemy was at work, and I fled incontinently, the shrill, raucous cries of my schoolmates following me as I sought the sanctuary of the outer sunshine and hid outside the town.

That night I crept back to the village and burned the Mullah's hut. And the next night as I lay out in the darkness, not daring to return to the village, the jackal cry, thrice repeated (our secret signal) brought my faithful schoolboy friend, Jamal to me. He carried a jhapati, which I ate ravenously, and a message.

It seemed that Nur Khan, the horseman I had seen upon the hillside the previous afternoon, and who, to a degree was responsible for my present plight, would have word with me.

I was suspicious, and told Jamal of my fears, but for answer he brought a knife from the folds of his shirt, and handed it to me and next morning I met Nur Khan on the hillside.

"Let us talk in peace," he said severely. "We can be of use to each other."

Then it was that he unfolded his plan. Briefly, he schemed to rob the village Hindu money-lender, and to make his way southward. The task, as we both knew, was no easy one, for the Hindu was cunning and canny, and it was his boast that he had never lost so much as a pie's worth of jewelry. In his task, Nur Khan required assistance, and moreover, the assistance of one well-versed in the ways of the village and who would be prepared to leave it, and seek pastures anew. I, he assured me, seemed fitted for the task, both because I knew the village and would find it inconvenient to return, but also because I had displayed courage and daring which might now be put to profitable account.

When he had finished, I flashed one question at him.

"Is this to be robbery, or murder?" I demanded.

Nur Khan took a pull at his beard before replying, and I knew that I was being weighed in the balance.

"For myself," he said at length, "I know not, for my part will be to interview the Hindu. If he is wise, then it will be robbery. If he is not—!" He opened his hands in an expressive gesture.

To cut a long story short, we robbed the man; and with it sealed my partnership with Nur.

Nur Khan, with a heavy bundle in his hands, leaped into the saddle, and I, without waiting for an invitation, scrambled up behind. I heard Nur Khan grunt as my hands sought his waistband, and it gave me pause. Nevertheless, we went away like the wind, and when the gray light of the morning came to give shape to the countryside, we were many khosts southward of our highland village.

We spoke little during this eerie journey except when, on two occasions, Nur Khan suggested that we should change positions, and that he should take his turn in sitting behind.

The first time Nur Khan put forward the suggestion on the plea of my personal comfort. On the second, it was to ease the burden of the horse.

"When they find out! Won't the goldsmith raise the alarm?"

"In Hell, perhaps, but not in the village."

"Ah—so he is dead?"

"Yes—there was no other way."

At length, unable to restrain my patience further, I looked pointedly at his bundle.

"How much do you think we have there?" I asked. Purposely, I stressed the collective "we."

"Who can tell," he replied airily. "This is not the time and place to play the bunia (pawnbroker)."

More than once he shaded his eyes with his hand, and I knew that he was troubled.

"Think that we are followed, Bacha?"

Twice, thrice, he put the question to me, but I did no more than shrug my shoulders. I had seen what he had seen, and more, but it was not for Bacha to open the eyes of Nur Khan.

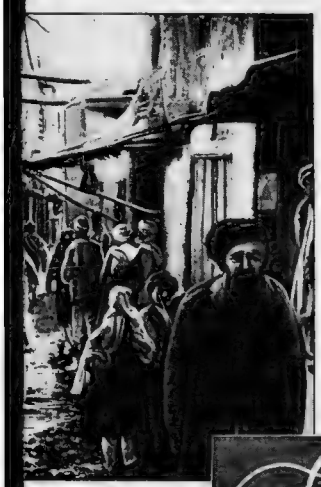
"They are there, Bacha. That is the third time I have seen that horse."

Suddenly, his voice absorbed a different timbre, and he gazed round at me suspiciously. We quarreled. He snarled, and spat in my face.

to Become a King

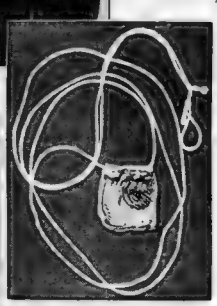
Ignorant Bandit of the King Amanullah and Cutthroats in the tan

"I, too, spat, and his arm remained in the air.
"'Would rob and kill a boy, would you?' My words were heavy with satire, and I laughed leeringly, back into those thunder-struck eyes.
"Nur Khan could feel my knife in his back in a spot which I had selected after hours of silent and amusing contemplation. It pierced the skin just over his kidney, and it sank deeper. Then, with a thrust, and wrench, the steel was buried to the hilt, and was playing merry with his skewered intestines.
"Slowly, that uplifted arm fell; slowly those eyes, but a few inches from mine, lost their brightness, and became tired, and filmed. Slowly, Nur Khan toppled sideways, fell to the narrow mountain path, rolled to the edge and disappeared in the abyss below—food for the jackals."



Kabul, the Capital of Afghanis- tan, Lived Among the Thieves.

Afghan Wilds. In the Ab- he Teacher) a Senior Boy Is in Front of a Mud Hut.



Photograph of the Amulet Given Bacha by the Holy Men to Charm Away Bullets and Divert the Assassin's Knife.

"Off you go you spawn of a camel," he mouthed and would have struck me a blow in the face which would have sent me hurtling down the hillside. But with hand uplifted, he paused, and his eyes, as they gazed into mine, saw the death which he had been so assiduously wooing.

I, too, spat, and his arm remained in the air.

"Would rob and kill a boy, would you?" My words were heavy with satire, and I laughed leeringly, back into those thunder-struck eyes.

Nur Khan could feel my knife in his back in a spot which I had selected after hours of silent and amusing contemplation. It pierced the skin just over his kidney, and it sank deeper. Then, with a thrust, and a wrench, the steel was buried to the hilt, and was playing merry with his skewered intestines.

Slowly, that uplifted arm fell; slowly those eyes, but a few inches from mine, lost their brightness, and became tired, and filmed. Slowly, Nur Khan toppled sideways, fell to the narrow mountain path, rolled to the edge, and disappeared in the abyss below—food for the jackals.

Once, twice, thrice, I emulated the call of those to whom I had presented a feast, and faintly the answer came.

Shortly, I could discern the outline of the Mullah's pony, and then the cheery countenance of Jamal, my faithful friend.

Nur Khan was right: we had been followed!

For three further days and nights Jamal and I traversed the passes, keeping well away from habitation, and existing on the small amount of food which Jamal had brought with him.

Once, we opened Nur Khan's bundle, and feasted our eyes on the golden trinkets which it contained—anklets for the feet, bangles for the arm and stars and rings for the nose. We dreamed of the day when we would sell our treasure, and be rich.

On the morning of the fourth day, we had our first sight of Kabul, the capital, and long was the discussion during which we evolved and demolished a dozen plans.

Finally, we resolved to tell something which approximated to the truth, and at least had the merit of sounding feasible and plausible. We were two lads from the northern highlands come south to seek our fortunes. With us were two horses which we might, or might not be disposed to sell, and a quantity of jewelry, the property of my late and very revered mother.

We had no difficulty in locating the caravanserai, where we tethered our horses and left them in the charge of a chowkidar. Then, with our bundle jealously guarded we made our way to the bazaars, and to the street of goldsmiths.

Never shall I forget the pucker of amusement which hid the black, beady eyes of the merchant to whom we displayed our wealth.

"Indeed," he said facetiously, "your mother was a rich and honored woman. Your father lavished his rupees upon her!"

"Yes," I dubiously agreed.

The man turned to me.

"You say that your name is Bacha Saqio. I say that you are the son of a rascal."

He touched the trinkets disdainfully with the tip of his finger.

"Gold!" And he rolled backwards, and laughed.

"But one is of gold, my striplings," he gurgled, "and the others are of base metal, sheeted with the precious covering."

Jamal and I eyed each other dismayed. Deep down in my throat I cursed Nur Khan for the fool that he was, for even in death the goldsmith had got the better of the bargain.

"How much?" I asked hesitantly, my aplomb having deserted me and all thoughts of immediate riches soaring away in the smoke from this man's hookah.

"Thirty-two," he said with a great air of finality, "and—I go hungry."

"Thirty-five," I countered desperately.

The man put out his talons, picked up the poor pieces of finery, and tossed them into a nearby bowl. He was both bored and sleepy.

"Thirty-three," he answered, pulling out a small sack, and thirty-three it was.

Nearly twenty of our rupees Jamal and I spent on fine raiment. I secured voluminous and faultless Pathan trousers, a white tunic caught in at the waist by an embroidered belt, and over my tunic that which indeed indicated man's estate—an ornate, and beautifully worked waistcoat. My turban was of dark blue material, set around a gold-embroidered kullah.

Well pleased with ourselves in our finery, and still with rupees retained in our waistbands, we repaired to the caravanserai where we sought out the chowkidar.

He raised his stick in salutation when he saw us, and his manner was servile. His old eyes gave forth of their admiration.

"You men from the North know how to strike a hard bargain!" He grinned, knowingly, and I well-pleased to have been called a man, for I was only fourteen, grinned back.

For more than three years Jamal and I tarried in the Afghan capital working with the horse thieves from the mountains, and those who came to Kabul to dispose of the loot of [illegible]. We fed well, and we dressed well for we soon learned the dark, hidden ways of the bazaar. And we could be of the greatest assistance to those who came from the hills and knew not the ways of the townsmen. Even so, we had to exercise care. There was an innate suspicion of those who came from my native province, Kohistan—a suspicion which even our carefully-fostered ingenuousness could not entirely dispel.

It was not that such a halcyon existence could continue, and our departure from Kabul was both swift, and unpremeditated.

An officer of the royal bodyguard barred our progress one night, and he was a swashbuckler. He suggested that the horse we were leading came from the Royal stables; but the man lied. It belonged to a wealthy merchant on the outskirts of the city, and it had just been clipped and dyed so that not even its real owner would have recognized it.

The man, however, was persistent, and rude withal. He drew his sword, and called lustily for the guard which, of course, was unfortunate. And, for an officer of the Royal bodyguard, the man did little with his opportunities, for his wallet yielded but twelve Kabuli rupees.

Thereafter, the capital was unsafe, for the Ameer, the King, frowned upon those who discomboweled his liveried retainers.

Three months later we were slipping through the Khyber Pass, and for the first time I viewed the land of Hindustan and the foreigner in his own habitat.

And so I wandered about visiting many cities and remained for some time in Peshawar where I observed the British soldiers and officers.

One day I fell in with a Mullah. He was a worthy man, and when he made his way to our encampment one evening, we gave him salutation. He was a Holy man, and one of wide travel, and because of his holiness it was that he saw the cynic that was within me.

He sought me out, and squatted on the edge of my bedding roll, and looked into my eyes by the light of the moon. It was a piercing, yet impersonal stare, and I could not take umbrage.

"I see," he said solemnly, "the mark of death."

He held up a hand to silence the laughter which welled within me, and chided.

"You are young, but—already you have killed!"

"What would you?" I retorted. "It was my life, or another's."

Again he peered into my eyes, and he laid his hand gently on my arm.

"I see yet more," he continued. "Rising, rising to a high estate upon the bodies of the fallen. There is blood there, is ribald laughter, there is lamentation."

"I am to be a brigand?" I was openly facetious.

Again he held up his hand, and again allowed it softly to rest on my arm.

He gazed upon the moon, and was lost in meditation.

"There will be many kings," he said at length. "There will be six or seven—I cannot see clearly, but eventually you, young man, will assume the Royal raiment."

I laughed within myself. Here, at least was news, and good news, for if this Mullah, the Holy Man, were not entirely crazy it would mean that my span of life would be generous.

The life of kings—six or seven, he had said.

True, ugly rumors were on every lip of Afghanistan. There were those who said, over boldly, that the King had made a bad bargain with the Russians in the matter of the Oxus, and that in failing to obtain the ancient provinces of Shignan and Roshan, and in failing to extricate himself from the dominance of the British, he had fallen between two stools, and had served his country badly.

The people said that the King was gorged with British gold, and was selling his birthright, and that of the nation.

My gaze returned to the Mullah, and though he smiled at me there was sadness in his eyes.

He fumbled in his garments, and bade me loosen my sleeve. Wonderingly, I did so, and he bared my arm. To my bare flesh he attached an amulet.

"Young man," he said rising, and giving me salutation, "despise not what I have given thee. It will charm away the bullets, and divert the assassin's knife. Its potency will remain with thee as long as I remain upon this earth, and for two moons beyond."

He was gone, swallowed up in the darkness.

For as long as he lived, and for two moons.

Could there be anything in what the man had said? It seemed improbable, and this latter computation of my life's span was not so comforting.

Yet, the Mullah was already aged, and even Holy men do not live for ever.

Still, there was this matter of kings—that, at least promised much that warmed my heart.

Yet, before the morn, I was to think deeply on the words of the Mullah.

Even as he addressed me, one king was dead.

Continued on Page 17.

Birth of a Genius by Edward D. Dickinson

Which Proves That Art Is Indeed a Remarkable Business. Complete in This Issue.

MRS. APPLEBY HIBBS was washing up the lunch things. She held the rim of a plate very daintily and quite absurdly between the thumb and four fingers of her left hand and made little dabs at it with a mop. Most of these were ineffective because her eyes were fixed, as she stood there, rapt above the sink, on the great thick slice of cake and although there was another slice on the plate this particular spot was remaining untouched, as she stood, all the more stubbornly for being the only one left.

Her face was turned to the window and her mouth was set. Elsie Hibbs and she was certainly washing up.

Elsie, she murmured softly, scrubbing away at the plate, how could you, how could you in earnest all the same, whether you've finished yet whether you haven't. I'm going on strong.

Mrs. Appleby Hibbs paused and remarkably fine examples of temperamental artistry, battling against the forces of temperament and artistry, battling against boredom, have a pause always in them.

Here a pause began. Mrs. Hibbs put down the plate and began to work with ferocious concentration.

Elsie, she said, you've been with me for three years. I've never shown you anything but kindness and consideration.

Mrs. Hibbs looked out of the window, gave up the struggle with the [illegible] and stood, gazing up [illegible] where [illegible]

I've always said, Elsie, you're a good girl. Both [illegible] I've always been straight with you. I've always been the [illegible] I've never [illegible] I've always said, Elsie, you're a good girl.

It's Our Family's Whiskey

and Neighbor, it's sure Tasty and Mild!

Tim Stiles joking under the old beech!
Tim—he can kid us if he wants—but I love that old beech in Dogwood Gully. It was setting around on the rocks under the old beech that me and William and Tom got a lot of our schooling from Pa Wilken, and he was as fine a distiller as ever there was!
Harry E. Wilken

There's sure some history behind that special tastiness of Our Family's Whiskey!

I put my fifty cents on the [illegible] and cut their name [illegible] there [illegible] Pa Wilken. As I [illegible] with Grandpa Wilken, but [illegible] these good folks have come [illegible] I sort of like to [illegible] and friend of the family that [illegible] The Wilken Family [illegible] together.

For at least 3 generations that I know of the Wilkens have been whiskey making people. Each generation has spent its whole life studying out how to make the very mildest and tastiest whiskey ... and then seeing to it that the next generation got the hang of it. So when you buy a bottle and note the real extra mildness and tastiness that our

[illegible]

Harry E. Wilken

GET A BIG PICTURE OF OUR DOG JESSIE'S PUPS—FREE!

THE WILKEN FAMILY

Copyright 1937, The Wilken Family, Inc., Aladdin, Pennsylvania. Executive offices: New York City. The Wilken Family Blended Whiskey [illegible] in this product are 20 months or more old, 25% straight whiskies; 75% grain neutral spirits; 20% straight whiskey 20 months old; 5% straight whiskey 4 years old

Hoodwink House

by S. Andrew Wood

An Unusual Novel of a Beauty Prize Winner Who Could Love but Once

Fickle Fate Had Hoodwinked Her Yet She Insisted on Finding Happiness

Battered and Bleeding, Peregrine Leaped at the Marauder Again, but the Small Club Struck Him Hard

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

W

CHAPTER VI.

On Midsummer Night

L

When a Broadway hale-fellow-well-met gets the blues or the power with his girl, and they've had a night together there is always a back-eyed baby for the Grandbebe to baptize. But here ah that's why my love for Brian Horn is now matter. I had to have

Tig Tiffany blew in on Loveday and Destiny en route to Broadway and another Million Dollar Girl

Broadway was seeking urgently a Million Dollar Girl for him

"Bound to do something, Miss Brant, you are" he said, squatting like a solemn black toad. "Pep plus beauty. That's the prescription. You're a teeny bit minus the first. See? But if something happened to you, a real romantic love affair, maybe then you'd go off with a bang like a freezer-load. I look for

As one of his cronies sat down with a silvery chuckle Mr. Jeremy Thicket drained his glass and came to his feet carefully putting the mask and the club into the pocket of the shabby rough tweeds he wore. He murmured reassurance to himself

"What are you afraid of? They do not use steel in this country like that matrisha in Spain did, you fool. There'll only be a night watchman or two. Where is that rascal Pigg?"

A moment later there came a tap at the back door. Peering shot back the bolts and the burglar proof shutters from her bedroom window. Below in the dark garden stood a tall man in a cloak and hat. Peering down she called softly:

"Who is it?"

"Destiny, Miss Loveday. Destiny Brant. Let me in, please."

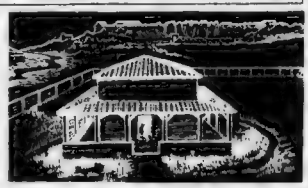
Loveday pulled on a hat. She took her coat from the bed. A package that had arrived by the afternoon mail lay there. She picked it up and went down the stairs.

(Continued on Page 16)

Discoveries in the Home of "Old King Cole"

Evidence That the Merry Monarch, Hero of the Children's Picture Books' Jolly Jingle, Really Lived and Had His Castle in What Is Now Colchester, England

Another Picture Book Conception of the Merry Monarch and His Attendants



An Archeologist's Impression of What the Old Temple Probably Looked Like Before It Crumbled Away

Old King Cole, His Pipe, His Bowl and His Fiddlers, From a Children's Picture Book Illustration. For Full Measure the Artist Has Added a Parrot With a Baton in Its Claw Leading the Musicians.

"Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three."

O[illegible] March 16 1809 It was ordered that if the Parishioners of St Peters [illegible] repair [illegible] pence by the Churchwardens out of ye Town Revenues

In another account there appears the [illegible] charge [illegible]

[illegible] Both records and [illegible] It is [illegible] Roman [illegible] yielded treasures of ancient times

The temple as revealed by the excavations, has an outside verandah wall The [illegible] about 50 feet [illegible] The cellar floored with [illegible] stone cubes (known as tesserae), and the verandah is floored with inch cubes cut out from tiles As far as is known, the Romano-Celtic temple is the only one found with a sacred enclosure It is thought that, in view of the River Colne flowing close by, the shrine was dedicated to placate the whims of some river goddess

One picture shows the temple site after excavation, and the other one is

The Romano-Celtic Temple Site Excavated Recently in the Suburb of Colchester.

The first [illegible] were [illegible] Roman [illegible] Colchester [illegible] Hill [illegible] Roman [illegible] Colchester [illegible] Hill [illegible] Roman [illegible] Colchester [illegible] Hill

Hoodwink Hour — S. American Wor

(Continued from Page 14)

rific scar on his cheek over which he had grown hair years before. Some way they were connected she knew, and perhaps that night was going to show her how.

The lights of Piccadilly sailed in the silvery mist. Loveday watched her mirror intently.

CHAPTER VII.
Robbery in the Mist

THE crash of breaking glass resolved into Peregrine's face from the quiet street beyond. It was followed by total silence.

He sat up in the broad kitchen-couch and listened with a fatal alertness. The little chamber in Peregrine's galleries where the canvases of the Bandelfero Daughter were stored was very dark and secret. The noise must have come outside the window, with the effect of a [illegible] making waves.

Peregrine was convinced and as [illegible] more than the high [illegible] of his reflection. It seemed to [illegible] from Pere[illegible]

I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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Barbo Compound is a tasteless, colorless dye that, while making it soft and glossy, will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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Ugly pimples on the skin surface often disappear with the help of Resinol Soap and Ointment. Use both.

RESINOL HELPS YOUR SKIN

How I Waded Through Blood to Become a King

(Continued from Double Page.)

and another was both in the making, and in the decline.

Two kings were to depart before the sun set again on the barren rocks of the tribal lands. And, I had scoffed!

Even as the Mullah spoke, Ameer Habibullah was encamped in the Kullah Ghos Pass, in Lughman Province. He had been hunting, and was fatigued, and—he slept. It was his last sleep, for an assassin crept into his bedchamber, and shot him through the temple with a revolver. This was on the night of February 19, 1919.

Next morning, the drums had rolled the news to every corner of Afghanistan, and we in the caravan knew that the ruler was dead, if not the manner of his passing.

As the sun rolled high in the heavens, the roll of the drums could be heard again, and there were those who could augment their information by word of mouth.

The dead king's younger brother, Sirdar Nasrullah Khan, then at Jalalabad, had proclaimed himself Ameer. This was quick work, but others were quicker in this wild scramble for a throne, and before the sun had passed into meridian we had other news from the northward.

Amanullah Khan, the dead king's third son, was Governor of Kabul.

He called the troops and held a monster parade.

He told the men of his father's death, and he wept, copiously.

"And, what of my uncle?" he cried. "Is he acting in accord with true Afghan traditions?"

"Has he not proclaimed himself King, even before the murderer of my beloved father has been found and tried?"

He sobbed and drew his sword.

"Never," he exclaimed through his tears, "will I sheath my sword until the murderer of my father has been brought to book. I—who am but the slave of the nation."

That last declamation made Amanullah King.

There was a wild shout, and rifles and talwars were raised in the air. Like one man, the soldiers chanted:

"Thy father was our benefactor. Thy honor is our honor, our beloved Prince. You are now our King."

In such manner are thrones emptied and reoccupied.

When we heard the news, I laughed in my hand, for I knew that the people of Kohistan, and many in the frontier Tribal tracts, would regard Amanullah as an interloper. Even so, rumor said, there were those in Kabul who failed to see in Amanullah the rightful heir, because, as third son, at no time had he been regarded as the probable successor to his father.

But Amanullah was well versed in the ways of state, and I had no doubt his span was to be lengthy. In many ways he had sound common sense, and who can fail to applaud his first action? He increased the pay of the soldiery to twenty rupees per month. That settled the army.

He promised the country as a whole, an unqualified national freedom, entirely divorced from British interference. That settled the agitators.

That accomplished, he proceeded to deal with possible rivals.

Thus it was, while masquerading as a peaceful merchant, that I saw the hand of Fate strike with lightning rapidity at my country. Each day brought fresh news, and each man his fresh crop of rumors.

Then, also, the words of the Mullah were strangely unsettling.

In my distress of mind, I began to frequent the bazaars and to gamble.

My stock of rupees increased, and increased until I had to take special precautions to guard my wealth, for one cannot win money by such means without others knowing the extent of one's gains.

Still, I could not make up my mind, and still I gambled. Then, slowly, but yet with many little heartening spurts in the right direction, my luck changed. Instead of heaping silver into my money bags, I found that I was pouring it out until all was gone.

What was there for me to do? I thought of the new King, and his promise of twenty rupees per month. I enlisted, was given a rifle which was a joy—a thing of balance and of wonderful precision, adequate rations, and the promise of pay.

I admit that I made a poor parade ground soldier; that the cant of my rifle was never such as the others, that my step was ever wrong leg foremost, and that the puttees with which I was required to bind my calves were a snare and an abomination. Nevertheless, there were moments when I could laugh in my sleeve at the vituperative drill-master, who was my squad commander.

On the parade ground, he would hold forth loud and long on the technique of the modern rifle. Admittedly, it was wonderful that these weapons should not require ramrods and powder-horns, but they were not as amazing as all that. Apparently, most astonishing about them was their sighting—something which I could never comprehend, and artificialities which I persistently ignored. If an object was at a distance, I elevated the muzzle accordingly. Any child of the hills can do that, and—no hillman can afford to waste ammunition.

For weeks this worthy officer discoursed on parade ground maneuvers, and the intricacies of the rifle. Then he marshaled us in this stupid formation, and we went to the outskirts of the city to fire at paper targets. Immense these were, with inkdrawn rings, and a large bob in the middle which all who would consider themselves efficient must hit.

The officer soon initiated us into the routine. If one hit the target, men concealed in the ground would mark the event by waving a flag up and down once for the outer ring, twice for the next, thrice for the next, and four times for the bob. Unthinkable, but if one missed, the flag would be waved horizontally and derisively, to and fro.

The officer threw out his chest and informed us that he would instruct us in the art, and would take a sighting shot. With great care, and mighty ceremonial, he secured his paunch to the earth, played with his sights, took a deep breath, held it, closed one eye, counted five before he depressed the trigger and fired.

He rose triumphantly, and turned to us, awaiting our polite plaudits.

From the butts a flag waved horizontally, and a derisive titter broke from ranks. Disconsolately, the officer fixed me with a wintry eye.

"That," he said gramsly, searching frantically for his lost Spanish, "is to show you rangruts how not to do it."

We were suitably impressed.

Still holding me with a censorious eye, the officer bade me take my place at the firing point. His position was still desperate, and he had to make a gesture in order to restore his sense of discipline.

He was out to make a dreadful example.

I fell to the earth, forgetting, in the excitement of the moment, his carefully phrased and oft repeated exhorts respecting position. As I fell I fired, to the rage, yet inner satisfaction of him who must bluster.

"Observe," he said with ironical emphasis, "how these wild badmashes from the hills forget the words of their mentors. Observe how this man, who would be a soldier, forgot to align his sights, how he fired wildly, like a raw woodsman shooting at a covey of pigeon. He thought he had a blunderbuss in his hands. He forgets that he has a rifle—an instrument of astounding accuracy, and one that has to be treated with reverence and with care."

Meanwhile the men at the targets were signalling vertically, twice, three, four times, and I was well pleased, though hardly elated, for had the object not been a stationary one? Had it been smaller, and swift of movement, there might have been cause for jubilation, but this was easy.

But, enough. Not for me to say that every time I fired I hit. It was not for me to be amazed or incredulous — that part was reserved for the officer. I should have been ashamed and disgusted had I done otherwise, for it was child's play for one of my upbringing.

Briefly, I became the crack shot of the newly-joined in Amanullah's army, and as time proceeded, and further comparisons could be made, easily the most assured marksman among all who wore his uniform.

In the few years that I remained as a soldier of Amanullah, there was much to intrigue one who was asking for the sign of coming trouble, and the young King made many blunders.

Soon came the startling series of reforms — reforms which left the Afghans stupefied, and wondering what had come over this man who was now King.

Amanullah radically altered the means of collecting taxes, and schools were opened all over the country. This educational scheme gave grave offense to the Mullahs who ordinarily had the education of the youthful in their own hands, and many of whom were deprived of their posts and mulcted of their emoluments.

Having given affront to a most powerful class, the King turned his attention to the hakims, or doctors. He gave orders that no one could practice medicine until he had passed the requisite examinations and been found efficient. And other royal decrees were issued which enraged many of the Afghan tribes.

Out of this resentment grew the Khost rebellion in which I saw much active service as a soldier of Amanullah.

I wanted the excitement. I wanted to see modern troops in action, and generally I was out to learn, and to keep astride of events which I was sure were pointing in one direction and one direction only.

But army discipline irked me and for an act of insubordination I was arrested and put in jail. But my faithful companion Jamal freed me. And once again I found myself a bandit in the hills.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Hoodwink House

by S. Andrew Wood

(Continued from Page 16)

mask. Loveday Thicket's niece, in Peregrine's Galleries.

His car had come as upon a trail of wildfire through the mist. Yet Jeremy Pocket, already bedded and obviously angry, looked down upon him, in the palpable flesh.

"I perceive it to be a joke. In very bad taste, Mr. Peregrine. Youth will have its fling. It's the Five Arts Ball tonight, is it not? But I grow middle-aged, and my sense of humor is not what it was. Good night, Mr. Peregrine. Good night, Loveday."

The window closed. Loveday stood with her hand pressed against her mouth, keeping back, instead, laughter which would have been near to something very different. For a moment, black as a thunder cloud, Peregrine looked back at her. Then he, too, grinned, but without mirth.

"We'd better go," he said. "Keep close to me, Loveday, if you please. You're coming with me. At least I've caught you!"

* * *

The big, suave house at Kew slumbered in pale mist, through which its lighted portico shone warm and yellow.

Something in its tall and ironic aspect, with its reminder of that bitter-sweet dinner for which she had been hired there, made Loveday feel momentarily light-headed. A color flamed into her face. But as she stepped from the car, she freed her wrist from Peregrine's hold and stood looking at him, smiling faintly.

"What's the game, please, Peregrine?" she asked lightly. "Kidnapping?"

The authentic accents of the professional beauty. She had been changing slowly in the darkness of the car, practicing in silence. And slowly, too, by force of will, she had changed him back to Peregrine Guy of the Garret, who had once called her the Tomorrow Girl, and kissed her good luck, and indicated that he thought she was a liar when she had told him she was going to be married.

He answered: "Temporary arrest, Loveday. You're going to be examined by my father, the head of Peregrine's. He's a wise old bird and this is his business more than mine."

"A family pow-wow—with Lady Bledlow as sworn tormentor? It should be an experience."

Loveday still smiled in a cynical imitation of her favorite actress. "Step forward, please, Loveday. We'll continue the badinage inside."

She obeyed rather blindly. No woman knew herself or how she would act in any given set of circumstances, Loveday was convinced.

The house was like a grim magician which glowered at her where she stood with her hand lightly resting on her hip, at the bottom of the staircase. But it had sneered at her that night when, with the little corpse of her nightingale in her hands, she had walked out of it in the wake of Virginia Craig. To be glowered at was better than to be sneered at.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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My husband hated "economy dishes"—until I found out about Franco-American Spaghetti

Discovered! A tasty nourishing Summer dish *for less than 3¢ a portion*

ORDINARY "economy dishes" often make dull eating. But not Franco-American Spaghetti. It has flavor, food value—*everything!* Yet a can holding three to four portions is usually no more than 10¢—less than 3¢ a portion. In these days of rising food costs it's good news to hear that you can get such delicious, nourishing food for so little.

Serve Franco-American today. See how different it is from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Taste its savory cheese and tomato sauce, containing eleven different ingredients. Delicious to heat and eat just as it comes from the can. Marvelous to make left-overs into delicious meals. Or try this tempting casserole dish.

It's just one of dozens you can prepare with Franco-American Spaghetti. Every one's a treat!

Tuna and Spaghetti Casserole (Serves 3—costs just 30c)

1 can Franco-American Spaghetti
1½ teaspoons minced onion
1 small can tuna fish 2 strips bacon

Place a layer of Franco-American in a greased casserole. Add some of the flaked tuna fish and onion. Alternate layers of spaghetti, fish and onion until all is used. Arrange bacon strips over top. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) until casserole is well heated and bacon crisp.

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

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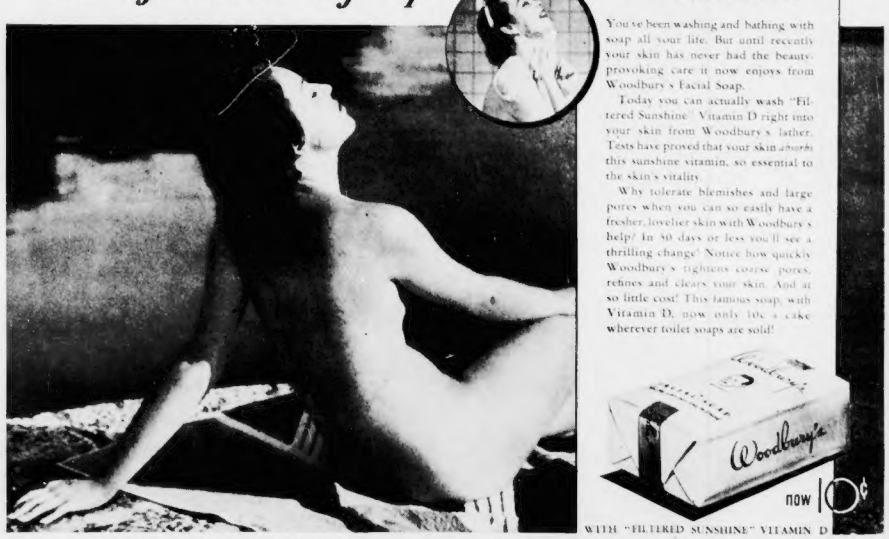

Woodbury's... formula of a skin specialist... now rich in "Filtered Sunshine" Vitamin D to help overcome Coarse Pores and Blemishes

You've been washing and bathing with soap all your life. But until recently your skin has never had the beauty-provoking care it now enjoys from Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Today you can actually wash "Filtered Sunshine" Vitamin D right into your skin from Woodbury's lather. Tests have proved that your skin absorbs this sunshine vitamin, so essential to the skin's vitality.

Why tolerate blemishes and large pores when you can so easily have a fresher, lovelier skin with Woodbury's help? In 30 days or less you'll see a thrilling change! Notice how quickly Woodbury's tightens coarse pores, refines and clears your skin. And at so little cost! This famous soap, with Vitamin D, now only 10c a cake wherever toilet soaps are sold!

WITH "FILTERED SUNSHINE" VITAMIN D

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BIRTH OF A GENIUS

Which Proves That Art Is Indeed a Remarkable Business. Complete in This Issue.

By Edward D. Dickinson

(Continued from Page 12)

worst chump!' And if I can't even do a simple job like this without making a botch of it, I don't suppose Uncle Percy will keep me more than a couple of minutes in his rotten old factory, and then we shall have to give up the house and Elsie will go back to live with her father, and there'll be nothing for me." Once more he was so overcome by this vision of the future that he charged off the lawn at the other end, and got himself painfully tangled up in a rambler rose.

He was still extricating himself when Elsie came out of the house, and even to his prickled senses it was obvious that she was extremely well pleased with herself. Her eyes were dancing; and she waved in one triumphant hand a crisp, greenish bit of paper that was most certainly a check.

"Pippin!" she cried. "Darling! Where are you? I've got it!"

Mr. Hibbs tore himself free from the too-affectionate rose and came galloping over the grass to meet her.

"I say," he chanted. "You can't mean it! Not the whole $50?"

"Every bit of it," she told him, happily hopping up and down.

"How on earth?" he gasped, but she grabbed him by the elbow and towed him into the house.

"Now," she said at last. "I'll tell you.

"She wanted to see you, of course, but I said you were so exhausted by your work that you had gone away for a thorough change of scene—cutting the lawn is a change for you, isn't it, Pippin? And she said 'Oh—but the picture of darling Bingy—I particularly wanted—'

"And I said: 'It's finished. Here it is,' and there it was!

"She simply gaped at it, of course.

"'Oo,' she squeaked. "What are those purple streaks?"

"I put on my most superior look—oh, darling, you should have seen me—and I said: 'Didn't you know my husband only painted psychic portraits of animals?' and then I dashed on to explain that all the purple twiddles were psychic emanations and auras and things, and that you 'felt' them, so that they had to come in to all your pictures, whether you wanted them to or not!

"She's gone home in a kind of seventh heaven to crow like anything over her friends, because she's the only woman in the country to own a dog with guaranteed purple emanations, and I only hope I'll be forgiven, darling. Because after all it was for you, mostly.

Mr. Hibbs hugged her till she gasped.

"Sweetheart," he said, "you are a marvel. You've saved the ship, because you've got real hundred per cent brains where I've got sawdust. I shouldn't have thought of it in a hundred years, but if I had, I'd have lied twice as hard as you, so it's my black mark just as much as yours, and so long as both of our copy books are blotted in the same place, that's all that matters. But what exactly are 'auras' and 'whatnots'?"

She chuckled.

"I don't know," she said. "But when I was a beauty specialist one of my clients said everybody had them, and she couldn't talk of anything else, even when I was plucking her eyebrows, so I'm pretty sure I said all the right things about them, whatever they are. And now—" she wriggled out of his embrace, "what we want is a nice cup of tea, because I feel all worked up and weak inside."

"So do I," said Mr. Hibbs. "And as there isn't any beer, it might just as well be tea as anything else." But before they had time to do more than sip the first steaming cups, the telephone bell rang.

* * *

"DEAR 'em," mumbled the little artist, with his mouth full of muffin, and made movements suggestive of rising, but Elsie was in front of him.

"No," she cried. "I'll go. I don't dare hope—but it might be, and if it is—" but before she could finish she was lifting down the receiver, and crooning into it a "Hullo" so honeyed that her husband could almost see the bees.

"Yes," said Elsie. "Yes—this is Mrs. Hibbs speaking—oh—no! I'm afraid I couldn't do that! You see, he's at work, and I simply daren't disturb him, but of course I shall be glad to give him any message."

A long pause followed while Mr. Hibbs, still muffinbound, gaped his astonishment, and his wife's eyes grew rounder and rounder.

"Well," she said at last. "I'll tell him just as soon as I possibly can—the very first opportunity, and I'll ring you back at once. Your number—oh, thank you—I'll take it down, and—oh, yes, he can work from photographs so long as he sees the dog first. Yes, I do realize how anxious you are, and I am sure she's the loveliest little dog, and I expect my husband will 'feel' the most thrilling 'auras' when he sees her. Good-bye." And she spun round to greet Mr. Hibbs, with an expression on her face that was almost frightened.

"It's happened," she gasped. "Pippin, dearest. It's happened. You've caught on!—I'm going to ring up that good lady in about half an hour to tell her you'll accept $125 for painting a portrait of her Spillikins, complete with all the twiddles you can think of!"

"My God," cried Mr. Hibbs, "she may change her mind! Hadn't you better—?"

"No," said Elsie, firmly. "We won't make out we're too anxious. She's hooked—and she won't be the last one! The only thing that worries me is that Mrs. Smythe got ahead of her, but she's making sure that nobody else does."

She stopped suddenly, flitted across the room, and slipping both arms round his neck, ruffled up his hair.

"Pippin," she whispered in his ear. "She says you're a genius, and I know that in next to no time dozens and dozens of rich old women with podgy lapdogs will be saying the same thing! They'll be simply falling over each other to buy your doggy pictures—you'll be getting $250 for every one, $500 anything you care to ask! Oh, darling, isn't it too perfectly wonderful for words?"

Mr. Hibbs stared straight in front of him, looking completely dazed.

"Me!" he muttered. "A genius! I—I can't quite get the idea yet. I'm all muddled up. I mean——" he strove mightily to find words for his seething thoughts. "It's like this. I've been painting pictures for years and years—damn good pictures, too, and nobody has cared two cents whether I painted them or not. Then I have a shot at a portrait of that dog, and I make an utter hash of it, and Mrs. Patterson ruins the whole outfit—and you have a brain wave—and—I'm a genius!"

Salads for Hot Days

By Mary Lee Swann,

The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

CRISP cold salads are "heaven's gift" to housekeepers.

The hotter the day the more attractive the salad may be. To be appetizing a salad must have freshness, crispness and coolness as well as delicious flavor. Attractive color combinations, appropriateness to the rest of the meal and harmony with the dishes in which it is to be served are important points, too.

Accessories to be served with salads include bread sticks, rolls, cheese straws or biscuits, toasted crackers, cheese or nut tea biscuits, saltines and thinly-sliced fruit and nut breads as well as cheese balls, toasted cheese, radishes, olives, gherkins, carrot straws, celery curls. Bar le Duc currants, salted and unsalted nuts. Everyday salads may be varied by using mayonnaise, French, boiled or cream salad dressings, with as many variations as to color, taste and consistency as the imagination may dictate.

Among such variations are French dressings plus grated horseradish, chopped pimiento, chives, chopped beets, parsley, whipped cream, Roquefort cheese, nuts, chili sauce, chopped hard-cooked eggs, green pepper, celery, watercress and chopped tomato. Variations are also made by using citrus fruit juices in place of vinegar. Tarragon and raspberry vinegar are sometimes used to vary the flavor.

Mayonnaise dressing is often varied by adding whipped cream, chili sauce, minced green peppers, chopped olives, minced gherkins, chopped pimiento, chives, tabasco sauce, sardine paste, anchovy paste or beaten egg white.

Citrus fruit juices, tarragon or raspberry vinegar may be used in place of plain vinegar.

Shrimp Salad.

ARRANGE crisp lettuce leaves in salad bowl. Mix equal parts chilled cooked shrimp and crisp watercress and season with curry dressing. Garnish with quartered ripe tomatoes. To make the curry dressing: Press 1 hard-cooked egg yolk through a fine sieve. Add about ¼ teaspoon curry powder and 1 tablespoon thick cream and blend until smooth. Add gradually 4 tablespoons salad oil, 1 tablespoon mild vinegar, a few grains pepper and ¼ teaspoon salt.

French Artichokes with Whipped Cream Sauce.

TRIM 5 or 6 French artichokes and remove outside bottom leaves. Soak upside-down in cold salted water for ½ hour. Drain and cook 40 minutes, or until tender, in boiling salted water with 1 tablespoon vinegar. Drain and remove "choke." Serve with whipped cream sauce, dipping the thick fleshy end of each leaf in the sauce as it is eaten. To make the whipped cream sauce: Wash ¼ cup butter and melt it over hot water. Beat 1 egg yolk until light with ½ tablespoon lemon juice. Gradually beat in the melted butter. Season with a few grains pepper and ¼ teaspoon salt. Stir over hot water until smooth and creamy. Then fold in ¼ cup cream, beaten stiff. Serve immediately.

Cold Tongue with Aspic Jelly.

DISSOLVE 1 package quick aspic gelatin in hot water as directed on the package. Pour into shallow cake pan and chill in refrigerator until firm. Cut in small cubes. Arrange thinly-sliced cold boiled or spiced tongue on cold platter. Surround with the diced aspic. Garnish with watercress. Serve immediately.

Fruit Salad.

MIX 2 slices finely-chopped pineapple, 2 sliced oranges, ¼ cup skinned and seeded white grapes and ¼ cup broken walnut meats. Add 8 or 10 finely-cut marshmallows. Mix well and moisten with fruit salad dressing. Serve on crisp lettuce with fruit salad dressing. To make the fruit salad dressing: In top of double-boiler mix ½ cup pineapple juice, ¼ cup orange juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and ¼ teaspoon salt. Beat 2 egg yolks until light, gradually adding 2 tablespoons sugar. Add to mixture in double-boiler and stir constantly until thick and smooth. Beat 2 egg whites until stiff, add 3 tablespoons sugar and fold into the dressing just before removing from the heat.

Tomato Surprise Salad.

SCALD, peel and chill 6 medium-sized ripe tomatoes. Carefully scoop inside out of tomatoes. Chill and mix ¾ cup diced cucumbers, ½ cup diced cold cooked chicken, ¼ cup chopped pecans or blanched almonds and the tomato pulp. Season with ¼ cup well-seasoned mayonnaise. Add salt and pepper to taste. Fill tomato shells with the mixture. Arrange on crisp lettuce. Serve with mayonnaise.

Frozen Fruit Salad.

SOAK 1 teaspoon quick gelatin in 2 tablespoons cold water. Melt over hot water. Beat it into ¾ cup well-seasoned mayonnaise. Add 1 teaspoon powdered sugar to 1 pint cream and beat until stiff. Fold into the mayonnaise and gelatin mixture. Add 1½ cups mixed fruit, using any desired combination. Turn into tray of mechanical refrigerator or pack in ice and salt and freeze.

Frozen Cream Cheese Salad.

BEAT 4 cream cheeses until smooth. Add 1 finely-chopped green pepper, 1 cup crushed pineapple, a few grains paprika, ¼ teaspoon celery salt, a suggestion of mustard, 1 teaspoon salt and ½ cup well-seasoned mayonnaise. Mix thoroughly and fold in ½ cup cream, beaten stiff. Turn into tray of mechanical refrigerator, or pack in ice and salt and freeze.

Pear and Cherry Salad.

PREPARE 1 package quick cherry gelatin as directed on package, omitting ½ cup of the water required. Add ½ cup canned pear juice, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped preserved ginger, 8 sliced pear halves and 1 cup of skinned and seeded white grapes. Turn into small molds and chill. Unmold on crisp lettuce and serve with whipped cream mayonnaise.

Lime Salad.

PREPARE 1 package lime gelatin, using equal parts water and pineapple juice. Add 2 tablespoons vinegar and a few grains salt. Add 3 diced slices of pineapple, 1 finely-chopped pimiento, 1 sliced orange and ½ cup finely-chopped celery heart. Turn into small molds and chill. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Serve with well-seasoned mayonnaise.

Surprise Salad.

PREPARE 1 package orange or lemon gelatin as directed, mixing water and juice from one can of black raspberries to use as liquid. Add 1 tablespoon mild vinegar and a few grains each, salt and pepper. In small molds place 2 tablespoons of mixed fruits, red or black raspberries, diced pineapple, sliced peaches, etc. Cover with the gelatin mixture. Chill. Invert on crisp lettuce. Serve with well-seasoned fruit salad cream dressing.

Vegetable Salad.

SHRED 1 raw carrot, 1 raw beet, 1 cup celery, 1 cup cooked string beans and 1 raw apple and arrange in alternate piles on crisp lettuce. Make center of cream cheese pressed through potato ricer. Garnish with watercress. Serve with Mustard French Dressing.

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NORWEGIAN SARDINES

EACH issue of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY accurately portrays this world of ours—as it is, as it was and as we would have it be.

Summer Cooking With Cereals

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THE smart hostess and cook is learning a trick or two these days with all kinds of cereals. Not only does she serve a variety of crisps, flakes and breakfast foods of all kinds to avoid monotony, but she has found out that cereals are also culinary materials or ingredients.

For what are "cereals" but some form of starch or flour made into crisp-textured forms which add interesting texture to whatever foods they are added? Thus, in the average pudding recipe or that for a scalloped dish, one usually finds the directions: "Dot with butter and sprinkle with crumbs," etc.

But cereals are crumbs, also. And, because of their light, feathery and delicate crisp texture, they make a satisfactory substitute for the usual stale bread type. This, then, is the first trick in the culinary uses of cereals to replace ordinary crumbs. And here is a recipe which is economical and delicious as well:

Salmon Scallop: 2 cups salmon, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons minced parsley, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 cup crushed cereal flakes, 3 well-beaten eggs. Combine all ingredients and form into fish shape on shallow baking dish. Top with bacon strips and sprinkle with crushed cereal flakes. Bake 20 minutes in a hot oven, or at about 400 degrees. Before serving, place large stuffed olive at the "eye" and pimiento strips as the "fan" or tail. Surround with assorted green vegetables and serve as a one-dish meal. Serves 6.

There are many occasions in hot weather when the family is all a-clamor for a pie, but when the homemaker feels that it is too hot to heat up the kitchen with baking. The second "trick" with cereals is to use the crushed flakes or crisps as an occasional substitute for flour pastry.

This is what many hostesses know by the name of a "crumb crust." Such an easily-made crust is suitable for fruit fillings, and also for the popular "chiffon pie" made with gelatin which is a good choice for a hot weather dessert. The following recipe shows this use of cereals, and gives a pleasing menu suggestion:

Refrigerator Pumpkin Pie, Crumb Crust: 1 tablespoon gelatin, ¼ cup cold water, 1½ cups milk, 2 cups cooked canned pumpkin, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons molasses, ½ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon salt. Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes. Combine all other ingredients in double-boiler and heat thoroughly to blend. Add softened gelatin and mix. Cool. Pour into crumb pastry crust. Makes 1 9-inch pie. To make the crumb crust: ¼ cup butter, ¼ cup sugar, 1 cup finely-crushed cereal flake crumbs. Melt butter in pie tin, add sugar and crumbs, press mixture evenly around sides and bottom of pan. Chill before adding filling.

Often the family likes a hot dessert, even in hot weather, as long as it is not too heavy or rich. The trick of making whole fruits with cereal flakes, and baking them, is a new wrinkle which will often help answer the question of "What dessert shall I make?" In the recipe given here, halved pears or peaches are used, because they are most seasonable this month. Other large fruits can be used similarly:

Fruit Au Gratin: Use any peach or pear halves which have been stewed, or very ripe. Roll fruit in crumbs, place on a well-buttered baking dish or shallow casserole, and dot with butter. Bake in a hot oven, or at about 400 degrees, until crumbs are brown. Serve hot with chilled hard sauce, or a hot spiced custard or cornstarch sauce.

A similar use of crushed crumbs may be followed out with meat. These "mock drumsticks" are made of rolled pieces of veal or beef, fastened to a skewer, and then coated with crumbs. Here is the exact recipe:

Mock "Chicken" Drumsticks: About 1½ pounds veal steak cut into strips ½ inch thick, and each fastened on a wire skewer. Roll 2 cups corn cereal flakes into fine crumbs. Dip meat in crumbs, then in mixture of 1 egg beaten with 2 tablespoons milk and pinch of salt. Dip again in crumbs. Saute in hot fat in hot skillet, turning until browned. Add ½ cup stock or tomato juice, cover pan, and simmer 30 minutes longer, or until meat is tender. A couple of kidneys added to this dish, and a tablespoon of cooking sherry makes it unusual. Serve the 6 drumsticks in center of a large platter of hot boiled rice, and pour over gravy. Serves 6.

Many are the delicious puddings or fruit bettys which are quickly prepared with the aid of these cereal crumbs. In the berry season especially, when huckleberries, blackberries etc. are at the height of their season, these lighter and very inexpensive desserts are most appropriate.

Cornflake Cereal Fruit Betty: Line a buttered shallow glass casserole with cereal flakes. Cover with layer of berries or sliced fruits, and sprinkle with sugar, a little cinnamon, and dot with butter. Fill dish with alternate layers of crisps and fruit. Cover dish, and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, 15 minutes, or until fruit is soft. Serve with hard or lemon sauce.

A variation on the usual apple-nut salad is also made with rice cereal grains, as follows:

Apple Cereal Salad: 4 sweet eating apples, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 cup rice cereal grains, ½ cup whipped cream, ½ cup mayonnaise. Wash apples, but do not peel. Core and dice. Add rice grains, celery and cream blended with mayonnaise. Serve immediately on lettuce sprinkling with grains of paprika.

There are many light and pick-up types of meals which the busy housekeeper likes to make for herself or children in summer. It may be creamed hard eggs, a little creamed canned fish, or some left-over meat. Not sufficient or extensive in itself it will be ample if "extended" by being served on some form of toast or cereal biscuit.

This type of biscuit is excellent when browned in the oven, or toasted in a skillet, and then used as the foundation of such light creamed mixtures.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Berries or Prunes, Whole Grain Cereal, Boiled Bacon, Graham Muffins, Milk or Coffee	Cantaloupe, Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Coffee	Peaches, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Toasted English Muffins, Coffee	Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, Toasted Muffins, Dried Beef, Delicate Corn Cups, Coffee	Prunes, Cereal, Toasted Muffins, Marmalade, Milk or Coffee	Cantaloupe, Cereal, Melba Toast, Marmalade, Coffee	Grapes, Cereal, Soft-Cooked Eggs, Toasted Buns, Coffee
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	Substitute	*Dinner*
Grapefruit with Mint Jelly, Tunafish Salad, Potato Straws, Buttered Butter Beans, Floating Island, Iced Tea	Emergency Soup, Saltines, Delicious Potato Salad, Cucumbers, Tomatoes, Ice Box Rolls, Black Raspberry Fruge	Substitute *Luncheon* Bologna Salad with Asparagus Garnish, Blueberry Tea Ring, Fruit Trifle, Iced Tea	Salmon Loaf, Potato Ball Garnish, Cream Muffins, Cantaloupe or Blackberry Salad, Iced Coffee	Vegetable Soup, Crisps, Frozen Cheese Salad, French Dressing, Ice-Box Rolls, Prune Trifle, Iced Tea	*Luncheon* Deviled Eggs, Sardines, Buttered Lima Beans, Beet Salad with Chives, Apple Brown Betty with Cream	Hors d'Oeuvres, Boiled Lamb, Caper Sauce, New Potatoes, Green Salad (Shredded Cabbage, Carrot Curls, Watercress, Cucumber Dip), French Dressing, Ice-Box Cake, Coffee
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Baked Hash, Steamed Apples with Grated Raw Carrot, Spinach with Hard-Cooked Eggs, Chocolate Pudding	Fruit Cup, Left-Over Meat a la King, Pea or Bean Soufflé, Pineapple and Cucumber Jelly Salad, Salad Dressing, Easy Chess Pies	Tomato Cups Potted Calf's Liver, Noodles on Casserole, Green Vegetable Salad, French Dressing, Hot Spice Waffles with Frozen Whipped Cream	(*Company*) Roast Veal with Brown Gravy, Sweet Potato Puff with Nuts on Grated Pineapple, Buttered Okra, Health Salad, Lemon Dressing, Favorite Ice Cream with Tutti Frutti Sauce, Lace Cookies	Supreme Canapes, Cold Roast Veal (Left-Over), Reheated Gravy, Steamed Rice, Cauliflower with Pimento Sauce, Chiffonade Green Salad, French Dressing with Cheese Tarts or Mary Ann Peach Pie	Stuffed Tomato Salad, Olives, Sandwiches, Lettuce Sandwiches, Delicious Rolls, Fruit Frappe, Molasses Squares	

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3701—THROUGH SUMMER AND RIGHT INTO FALL GOES THIS GRACIOUS AFTERNOON FROCK, SO BECOMING TO THE MATRON WITH COLLAR OR WITHOUT. Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3635—OFF TO BUSINESS, PICNIC OR SPORTS MEET IS THE FROCK OF COOL COTTON CREPE THAT BUTTONS DOWN THE FRONT. Designed for misses' sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 4 yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3699—A HELP TO MOTHER AND HERSELF IS THE TOT WHO CAN BUTTON AND ADJUST HER OWN NEAT YOUNG FROCK. CROSSED IN FRONT, TIED IN BACK. THIS ONE'S SPECIALLY EASY. Designed for children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12. Size 6 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch fabric and 1½ yards ric-rac braid.

Pattern 3698—APRONS FOR MANY PURPOSES ARE THESE THAT COME FROM A SINGLE PATTERN AND MAY BE MADE IN A VARIETY OF FABRICS. Designed for sizes small, medium and large. Small size requires 2½ yards 36-inch fabric for each apron.

Pattern 3705—EMBROIDER PERSONAL AND HOUSEHOLD LINENS WITH THESE INITIALS OF LAZY-DAISY STITCH AND FRENCH KNOTS. Pattern 3705 contains a transfer pattern of a 2⅜-inch alphabet, two 1½-inch alphabets and a ⅝-inch one. Directions for correct placing of letters on linens, material requirements, illustrations of the stitches required.

Pattern 3700—WITH BOWS TO YOUR SLEEVES AND A NOVEL YOKE THAT DIPS IN FRONT—YOU'LL LOOK CHIC WHEREVER YOU GO IN THIS. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch fabric.

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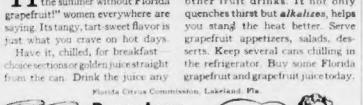

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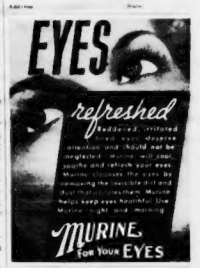

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WAS AFRAID YOU MIGHT ACCEPT JACK'S INVITATION
DON'T BE SILLY. HIS BREATH BOTHERS ME AS MUCH AS IT DOES YOU, TOO. BAD TOO, HE'S A NICE FELLOW

AT JACK'S HOME

WELL, I'LL BE POGGONDO! ALL OUR COUPLES AND NONE OF THEM WANT TO PLAY ARE WE POISON OR SOMETHING?
WE HAVEN'T BEEN ASKED TO A BRIDGE FOR THREE MONTHS
I DON'T WANT TO KISS YOU, DADDY. YOUR BREATH ISN'T NICE
WE USED TO PLAY TWICE A WEEK. I WONDER IF WE HAVE SAID ANYTHING TO OFFEND PEOPLE

WHAT JEAN SAID JOLTED ME. DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT'S THE REASON OUR NEIGHBORS HAVE NOT ASKED US?
I'M AFRAID SO, DEAR. PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU BUT IT'S JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS YOU DON'T TALK ABOUT. YOU'D BETTER START ON LISTERINE
EMILY JONES HAD THE SAME TROUBLE UNTIL SHE STARTED USING LISTERINE. NOW SHE IS THE MOST POPULAR GIRL IN TOWN
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ONE MONTH LATER

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